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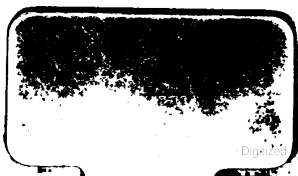
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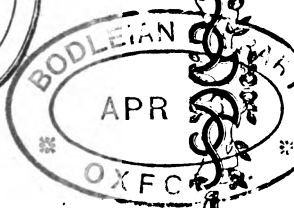
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THE
MESSENGER
OF THE
SACRED HEART.

ORGAN OF THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.



STEREOTYPE.



MANRESA PRESS.

1885.

APPROBATION AND BLESSING OF HIS
LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.

IMPRIMATUR. ✠ ROBERTUS, C.S.S.R.,
EPISCOPUS SOUTHWARCENSIS.

Die 22 Decembris, 1884.

“We cordially bless the New Series of
“the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for the
“use of the Poor, and wish it a wide circu-
“lation and every success.”

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THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

READERS of the new series of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* will soon recognize that the little magazine is but part of a machine. It is the organ, the means of propagation, of a great work. They will not therefore be surprised if they find that a somewhat unusual method of publication is employed, and one more suited to its price. A direct issue by post from the Press will supply the members of the Apostleship, and all who subscribe ; and the magazine will depend for the increase of its circulation on the zeal of the promoters of the work.

Many who are interested in the poor will be glad to use the *Messenger* for the purpose of distribution. Others of our promoters, again, who live among the poor, and have zeal for the propagation of the work, can do very great service for the Sacred Heart of our Lord by establishing *depots* for the *Messenger*. Thus, supposing 18 subscribers unite to receive their copies *in one parcel*, it will cost 18s., a year post free, if the subscriptions are sent in advance, and so each subscriber will receive their *Messenger* at the price of *one penny*.

It has been suggested, however, that there is nothing to prevent those who prefer it from receiving our magazine in the usual way. Those, therefore, who wish to obtain it through their booksellers, will be able to do so at the price of two pence the copy. Trade orders will equally be supplied by parcel post only.

Manresa Press, Roehampton, London, S. W. Jan. 1, 1885.

OPENING WORDS.



MESSENGER is one who bears tidings, good or evil or indifferent, from one person to another. Every man of sense, who is going to send a messenger upon a matter of importance, will sit down first and consider the message, the messenger, and the person to whom it is sent. Is there a sufficient reason for sending it at all? Is it properly worded? Is the messenger who carries it an intelligent and trustworthy person? How is it likely to be received, and what effect will it produce?

Now, in this year 1885 of the Christian era, and when the nineteenth century has only fifteen more years to run, we put our little *Messenger* into a spruce new coat, and we send him forth again upon his errand, with orders to travel very cheaply. He has a long way before him, until he reaches his distant goal; but he will go out, on his mission, scattering good news at every step, as the sower in the parable cast the good seed. He will not have fulfilled his mission till he has knocked at many a door in North and South America, steamed through the West Indian Islands, found himself at the Cape of Good Hope, invaded the great peninsula of Hindostan, and spread his tidings through such parts of the still larger continent of Australia as are owned by the white man.

A long travel and a wide spread, for a little pennyworth of a few pages! Yet it is not exaggerating thus to speak of what lies before our small serial, nor of the success we hope for him. And that for two reasons.

(1) We live in a penny age. That ounce of bronze has become the measure and the standard of many dealings between man and man, that in former times owned a higher rate of exchange. When, therefore, no more than this is claimed for thirty-two pages of information which must awaken an interest in every Christian heart, it is not too much to expect that our small *Messenger* has a future before him.

(2) In a much higher sense, it is to be observed, that our Lord's Sacred Heart seems especially to delight in efforts made by the poor for the poor, and under poor conditions. Almost the only occasion on which the holy Gospels record Him to have rejoiced, shows this very clearly. We read it in the narrative of St. Luke.¹ Our Lord had sent out seventy-two disciples "two and two before His face, into every city and place whither He Himself was to come." These were poor men, even as the Apostles were; probably fishermen, peasants, day-labourers: but they carried the great message of the Word of Life. They were to tell of One Who spoke as never man had spoken, for the power and sweetness of His words: One Whose tender compassionate Heart yearned (as all men might read in His Divine face) to draw hearts to Himself. "Come to Me," was His message, "all you that labour, and are burdened, and I will refresh you. Take up My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of Heart, and you shall find rest to your souls. For My yoke is sweet, and My burden light."² No wonder that the message was received with joy by many souls sick with sin, oppressed under burdens of pain, or poverty. Accordingly, sinners were attracted, the demons confounded, and a great highway made for the steps of Himself, Whom these messengers proclaimed. "The seventy-two returned with joy, saying: Lord, the devils also are

¹ St. Luke x. 21.

² St. Matt. xi. 28-30.

subject to us in Thy Name. In that same hour, He rejoiced in the Holy Ghost, and said: I confess to Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones. Yea, Father, for so it had seemed good in Thy sight."

That which caused joy to our Lord must needs be very good in itself. Accordingly, His work upon earth has often been carried on by instruments that appeared feeble and unlikely. He has chosen the poor, the weak, the simple ones; transforming them into powerful engines for good, by infusing into them His own Spirit. "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

With such reflexions, and such grounds of confidence, we launch our monthly pennyworth. "Who hath despised little days? and they shall rejoice, and shall see the tin plummet in the hand of Zorobabel."³ The tin plummet probably weighed about a pennyweight, "be the same more or less;" and was not very precious metal. But it was held by Zorobabel, who was commissioned to finish the Temple; and it did its work, and showed an upright line, as if it had been a talent of gold. A penny is an ignoble thing, considered in itself; there are those who, like Beau Brummel, may profess to have heard of the coin, but never seen it. Nevertheless, it is just four times as much as the poor widow in the Gospel cast into the treasury; for she had only "two mites, which make a farthing." And we know what approval that farthing met with, from the lips of Him Who is to judge us. May all who are concerned in our *Messenger*, all who write in it, who send for it, recommend it, spread it, give it to the poor, pray for its success, find their reward in the Day of the Little ones.

³ Zach. iv. 10.



LETTER FROM THE IRISH CENTRAL DIRECTOR.

DEAR MESSENGER,—Of all the proofs I could give of my affectionate interest in your welfare, during the long journey you are going to begin on the Master's service, the last thing I should myself have thought of would be to write you a letter. Yet that is the form in which you have asked my help: and it is well to have as little self-will and as much obedience as possible in everything that we try to do for God.

You will probably expect your Irish correspondent to write with an Irish accent; and therefore I will begin by claiming for Ireland the first martyr of the Sacred Heart. We call St. Stephen the Proto-martyr of the Christian Church; but was not the Good Thief a martyr before him? He might not have been put to death at all, and certainly he would not at that time, but for the purpose of adding ignominy to the death of Him "Who, having joy set before Him, endured the Cross, despising the shame."¹

Some rash reader who has succeeded in getting so far, will imagine that I am going to claim the Good Thief as a countryman of St. Lorcan O'Tuthail, on whose feast I am writing. But no; the person for whom I covet the proud title of Proto-martyr of the Sacred Heart, was an Irish King, whose death was a martyrdom of the heart. An Irish legend tells us that Connor Mac Nessa was King of Ulster, when our Divine Redeemer lived on

¹ Hebrews xii. 2.

6 *Letter from the Irish Central Director.*

earth. In one of the wars which were common everywhere, as well as in Ireland, before the Gospel of peace was preached, and which, alas ! have not ceased since then, the mysterious brain-ball of Mesgedra was lodged by one of his enemies in the King's forehead. His physicians declared that he might live many years, if he avoided the excitement of battle, banquet, chase, and all the rude pleasures to which the Pagan chief had been used. And thus he lived on in forced inaction : till, one day at noon, a mysterious darkness came over the earth. The Druids, having consulted their oracles, informed the monarch that at that moment the Messiah, Whose mission and Whose innocence they described, was put to death by His enemies. The generous chieftain could not restrain his fury, but, seizing his sword, rushed into the forest, hewing down bough after bough, and crying : "Thus would I hew down the vile rabble that are slaying that innocent Lord !" In this excitement, the fatal ball leaped forth, and Connor Mac Nessa fell dead.

This fanciful tale has been told in very sweet and spirited verse by Mr. T. D. Sullivan, brother of that good Irishman who was lately buried with so much honour under the shadow of the O'Connell Round Tower in our beautiful and holy Glasnevin. What gives Alexander Martin Sullivan some claim to be mentioned in this first message from Ireland is, that in the very last message *he* sent to his countrymen, the Sacred Heart held a prominent place. On an occasion, which need not now be explained, he wrote from Glengarriffe, just a month before his death : "I know of no prouder nor brighter episode of Irish Catholic life, than that grand act whereby simultaneously in our thousand churches, from Dunluce to Dunworly, our country was consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

About this national consecration, and the yearly remembrance that is made of it, more may be said when

we draw nearer to its anniversary—Passion Sunday. At present, let us discover another trace of the instinctive aptitude of the Celtic heart for the devotion to the Heart of Jesus, in the following lines composed by the famous Irish harper, Carolan—

O King of Wounds ! O Son of Heaven ! Who died
Upon the Cross to save the things of clay ;
O Thou, Whose veins poured forth the crimson tide
To wash the stains of fallen man away !
O Thou, Whose Heart did feel the blind one's spear,
While down to earth the atoning current flowed !
Deign, gracious Lord, Thy creature's cry to hear !
Shield me and snatch me to Thy bright abode.

“The blind one's spear”—so I find it printed. A much fuller and more emphatic embodiment of the devotion of the Sacred Heart was translated at my request from an Irish poet by Denis Florence MacCarthy (may he rest in peace), but it is too long to refer to it here. Perhaps you cannot allow me space this month to mention a very curious anticipation of the special device and emblem propagated by Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. Just five years before that holy Religious was born, the Confederation of Kilkenny was formed, in the year 1642. The documents issued by this body were marked by a seal, which, looking at it on the cover of the new edition of the Rev. C. P. Meehan's excellent history of that remarkable epoch, one would take for the Sacred Heart surmounted by a cross. But Father Meehan does not spell “heart” with a capital initial in thus describing this seal at page 47. “As no act nor instrument emanating from the Supreme Council could be genuine and of force, unless sealed with their own seal, they caused one to be made which may be described thus. It was circular, and in its centre was a cross, the base of which rested on a flaming heart, while its apex was surmounted by the wings of a dove. To the dexter appears a harp, and on its sinister an imperial crown. The legend was

8 Letter from the Irish Central Director.

happily chosen—‘*Pro Deo, Rege, et Patriâ Hiberni Unanimes.*’”

Since writing the foregoing paragraph, I have consulted the best authority on the subject, Father Meehan himself; who writes to me in reply: “I am quite sure that the heart on the Confederate seal symbolizes the Sanctissimum Cor Jesu.” But was the motto truthful as well as happy? Ah! would that then, or at any time, Irishmen had been of one mind for God, the King, and Fatherland!

.

To mark emphatically from the outset the utter absence of formality which is likely to characterize your Irish correspondence, you will let me mention at this point, dear Messenger, that, when I had written thus far, I laid these leaflets before you. You have received them very kindly: for the disciples of the Sacred Heart are never hard to please with others, but only with themselves. You suggest, however, the expediency of tacking on footnotes to two of the historical allusions. But is there place for a footnote in a mere letter? Charles James Fox resolved to admit no note into his *History of James II.*—an absurd resolution for an historian, but very proper for a letter-writer. It is better to devote to each of these explanations a paragraph of its own.

Not by oversight but on purpose I was leaving that brain-ball of Mesgedra in its obscurity. It seems that the Pagan warriors of ancient Ireland, when any very distinguished foe fell beneath their battle-axe, were wont to cleave open the skull of the dead hero, and, mixing the brains with lime and other ingredients, to form them into hard balls, which were supposed to possess a marvellous efficacy. It was with one of these, stolen from his own armoury, that the forehead of the Ulster King was pierced by the Champion of Connaught. This bar-

barous trait serves to heighten the contrast with that dawning Christianity with which legend links the name of King Connor Mac Nessa.

A copy of the seal of the Supreme Council of the Catholics of Ireland, known as the Confederation of Kilkenny, lies here before me. Made some years before the birth of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, it anticipates her favourite symbol of the Sacred Heart, with flames issuing from It, and a Cross rising out of It and above It. This Confederation of Kilkenny was a league which the Anglo-Irish Catholics of the pale formed (too late and for too brief a period) with the native Irish under Owen Roe O'Neill in defence of the Catholic faith and the Royal cause. The first of these was worth fighting for.

But this is enough for a beginning. May the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART continue for many a year to bear its messages to many a heart—many a sinful heart, many a pure heart, many a joyous heart, many an afflicted heart. For hearts of all kinds are dear to the Heart of Jesus, and He has messages for all. And so Erin greets His MESSENGER with a *ceade mile failte*.

Yours always *in SS. Corde*,

MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

A SHORT PRAYER.

IORD, I will be Thy servant for three pennies—my pardon, Thy love, and my perseverance, or if that is too much take me for nothing—only let me be Thine.



THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART THE ORGAN OF THE APOS- TLESHIP OF PRAYER

THE Apostleship of Prayer arose in the diocese of Le Puy, exactly forty years ago. For nearly the first half of its life, it was an obscure diocesan work; in 1861, the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* was founded; and in 1879, the Apostleship of Prayer was already a work *Catholic*, universal, co-extensive with the Church. This marvellous extension was the fruit of the *Messenger*. During those years, it conciliated for the work which it advocated, the affections of Popes, Cardinals, bishops, clergy, and peoples. All the religious Orders opened wide their hearts to receive it, and granted to it the most precious of favours—a participation in their merits, prayers, and good works. Pius IX., of dear and blessed memory, lavished his love upon it with a heartiness only perhaps to be exceeded by that which his present Holiness has deigned to vouchsafe towards it. It counts to-day many millions of souls within its ranks.

And yet, glorious as is this simple, unexaggerated history, the organ of the Apostleship of Prayer can adopt no other tone in England or Ireland to-day than one of apology; and far indeed are we from seeking to hide from our own eyes the truth.

“What proves above all how agreeable to God is this association of prayer and zeal,” wrote once upon a time an Italian Archbishop, “is its abundant fruit, as well as its vast and rapid extension. Propagated not only in

France, but in Germany, Spain, Switzerland, and both Americas, in India, in China, and in Australia, the Apostleship of Prayer may in the truest sense of the word call itself a Catholic work.

“ Italy, which is the seat and home of Catholic religion, could not see herself deprived of this salutary institution; and accordingly her Bishops have hastened to plant this fruitful tree upon her soil, have accumulated upon this Holy League their praises and fostering care, and have *united without exception* in their efforts to spread and propagate it among their flocks ” These former words of him whom the Church now venerates as Pope Leo XIII., are but the expression of the sentiments and the acts of the bishops and clergy throughout the Continent.

In England and in Ireland, the Apostleship of Prayer has not been so happy. Kindly tolerated, indeed, it has ever been, and—God forbid that it should be forgotten—in some few individual instances warmly loved and propagated. Yet it has had ever to contend with a latent doubt, the more mischievous that it *was* latent, as to the true nature of the work. If holy men had spoken out, they would have said: “ There is something in it more than is to be seen at first. Its tendency may be to introduce some foreign element into the Devotion to the Sacred Heart, perhaps even to turn that great Devotion to its own purposes, and make of it a tool by which to gain its own success.” It is well thus to put, strongly and plainly, a feeling which undoubtedly exists; that all may see whether it is rightly interpreted. It is this icy attitude of hesitation on the part of influential names which has hampered and almost paralyzed the action of the Apostleship in Great Britain, and to no small degree in Ireland also. This paralysis, however, has only affected its outer and organic life. Many, many thousands of fervent associates, thank God, breathe out their offerings every morning to aid the meek pleadings

of the Sacred Heart. Many, many thousands of decades of the Living Rosary are offered every day to the same end. Many thousands of Communions of Atonement are also made. These are consolations great and abundant. Nevertheless, the organization, especially the parochial organization, of the Apostleship of Prayer, exists, only as the skeleton of what it might be. The immense power of good which it contains for God's glory and for the sanctification of souls, still needs the jointing of those bones, and flesh to clothe them, and sinews to wield them, before they can stand up, as in the prophet's vision, "an exceeding great army" in our Lord's battle.

Other causes, doubtless, may have cooperated to our disadvantage. There is the natural (or national) dislike felt by an Englishman when invited to employ an unfamiliar organization; a something which must first be studied and then conformed to; and such like. But none of these would prevent the propagation of the work if no doubt existed; if all were sure that the Apostleship of Prayer was a simple and efficacious means of making the Devotion to the Sacred Heart known, loved, and practised, especially by the poor.

Is, then, this doubt a well-founded one? Is it just? It is safe to say, that it is founded on an entire misapprehension. The following facts make up the answer: and they are so few and so plain that all may understand them who will.

The Apostleship of Prayer is not a devotion, is not a confraternity: it is a *work*. *Pium opus*, it is called in the Pontifical Statutes. It is the *vehicle* of a devotion, the organization, the machinery by which the Devotion to the Heart of Jesus is efficaciously carried into the minds, the hearts, the habits, and the lives of men and women and little children; not only of the pious, or the cultivated, or the studious, but even of the ignorant, the careless, and the bad.

Leo XIII. knew this well when, in addressing the delegates of the Apostleship in Rome, he said : " We held it for a duty of our pastoral ministry to present to the faithful the most efficacious means of salvation ; among which the Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus undoubtedly ranks with the foremost. *We resolved, in consequence,* and We ordered by a special decree, that the pious Association of the Apostleship of Prayer should be established."

The Apostleship is a League, a kind of Divine Freemasonry ; but a freemasonry without a secret, and under the blessing, not the ban, of the Church. It is not the least powerful amongst the means by which the Church opposes the insidious attacks of the sect. It is a League of zeal, whose primary means is prayer, and whose first action is to teach men to pray. Its spirit is absolutely simple : it is the Devotion of the Sacred Heart, and nothing more : but it is the Devotion of the Sacred Heart carried to its natural and ultimate conclusion, and planted deep in the common every-day life of the working man. It brings home to the heart of the Associate, not only that there is, captive on the altar, a living loving Man Who fain would be his friend, not only that there is One Who is often outraged there, and Who craves for reparation at his hands, but that there is One there *Who has a work to do*, and Who needs help in the doing of it—*that he can help Him*, and that his help will be gratefully received. And this is the whole spirit of which the Apostleship of Prayer is the vehicle, the organization, the machinery to propagate it. And it does its work.

What else has it ever done ? For forty years it has been working its way into hearts, all over the world. It has penetrated parishes, convents, hospitals, brotherhoods, guilds, penitentiaries, prisons. Its fruits have been scrutinized by the Bishops who govern flocks, the Superiors who rule communities, the confessors who direct souls.

14 *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

Their testimonies, which would fill volumes, unite to proclaim, throughout all the world, that the fruit of the Apostleship of Prayer is Devotion to the Sacred Heart.

"Well, well," it may perhaps be answered, "all this, no doubt, may be very true; but the Apostleship of Prayer is not much needed in England. The Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart is greatly loved and very widely established. The Apostleship of Prayer may not be very vigorously worked, but the Devotion of *which it is only the vehicle* is already the most popular devotion in the three kingdoms."

Let us examine this supposed answer. The Heart of Jesus is pleading in the Tabernacle for adorers "in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to adore Him."¹ Now, they who gather round the altars of the venerable Archconfraternity to which it is the pride and happiness of us all to belong, are the *élite* of such spiritual adorers. The words they listen to, the devotions in which they join, the Communions they offer, cultivate their souls to purest union and most generous zeal. Yet even they will often tell you what the practices of the Apostleship have added of simple reality to their service of the Sacred Heart. The *real living relations*, which after all are the very essence of that service, may sometimes be faint and languid, amid the abundance of vocal prayers and pious exhortations. The poor, above all, may listen to such, *and listen for years*, without carrying away any more definite idea than that it is something very beautiful. The day on which the thought of their personal relations to our Lord is realized, on which they *understand* that personal joy in His triumphs, personal sorrow at the ill-success of His cause, personal interest in His interests, personal help given by themselves to Him—that all this is theirs, and, amid their squalor and wretchedness and toil, may become true part of their daily life—that day is


¹ St. John iv. 23.

a day of happiness and light, such as they had seldom known.

And this is a work which only organization can do. As the handbook says : People go to the Archconfraternity ; the Holy League *goes to them*. It needs the constant fostering solicitude which the League knows so well how to supply, without burden to the already overburdened priest. It reaches those who can but seldom go to church, who perhaps do not go when they might, and who have never so much as suspected that a "devotion" was for them a possibility at all.

The altar, then, and the pulpit, and the Archconfraternity all need the assistance of this handmaid in England and in Ireland, no less than in other portions of the great Catholic family, if the riches of the Heart of Jesus are to be made known to His poor, and the magnificence of His promises to be manifested in their fulfilment.

THE FIRST CRIB.

T. FRANCIS OF ASSISI for some time led a solitary life in the forest of Greccio. As Christmas approached, he made a hut with branches of trees and placed in it a manger, or little bed, with figures of the ox and ass, and he lighted candles all round the manger. Then, assembling the neighbouring shepherds, the Saint fell to his prayers, and besought the Infant Jesus to descend into the crib. This most wonderful favour was granted to his prayers. Hence arose the custom of making cribs at Christmas time.



A PROMOTER'S PORTRAIT.



FEW years ago, in the City of Bruges, there lived a man who, Catholic though he was, had for more than forty years entirely neglected his religious duties. This man, whom we will call Mr. Vandercamp, was rich, and spent his wealth in many sinful ways : in fact, he was a very wicked man. Instead of mending, as years went on, he only grew worse.

When about sixty years of age, he had a paralytic stroke, which rendered him partially helpless. It deprived him of the use of his lower limbs ; though it left him his speech, his senses, and, as we shall see, the use of his arms.

The doctor who was called in, sent at once for one of the Nursing Sisters who have a convent in Bruges, and Sister Anne was chosen by her Superior to attend upon him. During a course of many years Sister Anne had nursed all sorts of people, good, bad, and indifferent, pious and otherwise : but never had it been her lot to attend a person so abusive and profane as this unhappy man.

The only time she could find to absent herself from the house was at five o'clock in the morning, when she went daily to the first Mass at the parish church of St. Gilles, hard by. On one of these mornings she took the opportunity, before Mass, of consulting the venerable parish priest as to the best mode of conduct towards her patient ; seeing that, up to that moment, all her endeavours to win him to a better frame of mind, or at least

persuade him to abstain from his frightful blasphemies, had been in vain.

"My child," said the good priest, when he had heard her story, "Do this. When you have arranged your patient comfortably for the morning, and put everything in order about him, kneel down in his room, facing him ; make the sign of the Cross, and say, clearly and slowly : the 'Our Father,' 'Hail Mary,' and the Creed. It won't hurt him if you add the *Confiteor*. And do this every day. I will not forget to pray for him, and for you also."

Sister Anne thanked the good priest, and went cheerfully back to her duties.

Some little time afterwards, Mr. Vandercamp's sister, who kept house for her brother, hearing an unusual amount of noise in his room, hastened upstairs and looked in. She beheld a strange sight. Sister Anne, in her black habit and veil, was kneeling on the floor, at no great distance in front of Mr. Vandercamp's couch. With joined hands and closed eyes, she knelt as quietly as if she had been in church, saying aloud the prayers, as she had been bidden ; while her patient, yelling like one possessed with a demon that had gone mad, was hurling at her every object within his reach. Her cheek was bleeding from a cut, and the floor around her was strewn with smashed cups, glasses, and medicine bottles. The lotions and draughts and cooling drinks they had contained, stained her habit, and soaked in mingling streams upon the polished floor.

The prayers ended, she signed herself again, and then proceeded to pick up the scattered fragments, wipe the floor, and arrange the table, which her patient had upset in his rage.

Morning after morning, for four or five days, this scene was renewed. The good Sister purposely allowed her charge to have no lack of things at hand to throw at her ; lest, as she said, "if he had not plenty to throw at her, it

might make him swear the more." Before a week had passed, however, Mr. Vandercamp left off pelting Sister Anne when she began her prayers; next, he left off cursing and railing, threatening and storming; until, one day, he was not only silent from the grumbling into which he had subsided, but, to her unspeakable joy, he began to *join* in the prayers he had never said for years, making her repeat once again any portions he had forgotten.

From that happy day, the long lost Prodigal began in earnest his return to God. It was not long before he sent for the good priest of St. Gilles, humbly confessed his sins, and soon afterwards, with the deepest contrition and thankfulness, received our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. He lived long enough to prove that his conversion had been thorough; and, when his time came, died a peaceful and holy death, after receiving the last rites of the Church.

And thus, Sister Anne's act of simple and willing obedience, her persevering patience, her faith in prayer, obtained, by God's grace, the eternal salvation of a soul.

A VOICE FROM THE FACTORIES.



WE are glad to insert, with a few corrections, some simple but heartfelt lines from one who signs herself a "Mill-girl." No priest whose sphere of labour lies in the manufacturing districts or in the east end of London is unacquainted with the trials our poor Catholic girls have to endure from the contamination of their surroundings. Evil words, evil suggestions, the example of the practical heathenism into

which the masses of our unfortunate country have lapsed, from the bad influences assailing their daily lives. Equally manifest, on the other hand, is the working of "grace in seasonable aid," found by these young ones of our flock in the Sacraments which many of them frequent so devoutly. Unable to withdraw themselves beyond ear-shot of all that is vile, they fortify and defend their souls by interior prayer. Few practices, as we all know, help such acts of self-defence more powerfully at the moment, than to remember, and inwardly to recite, some few lines that will recall the heart to God. It may be hoped, that not only our mill-girl herself, but many of her companions, may be benefitted by such words of encouragement as she has put on this paper.

Is the struggle hard, child ?

Jesus is near.

Weak are you, and trembling ?

Nought need you fear.

Clouds gather round you, child ?

He'll make it clear !

Friends—have they forsaken you ?

He is always here.

Are you in sorrow, child ?

He'll dry the tear.

Weary and sad at heart ?

Jesus will cheer.

Pour out your grief, child,

Into *His* ear :—

Tell *Him* your trouble, child ;

Jesus will hear.

Our contributors will remember that *we take it for granted* that they write for our Lord's pure glory, and therefore cheerfully consent to be rejected, corrected, or postponed.



A SAINT FOR JANUARY.

ST. AGNES, VIRGIN AND MARTYR.

(January 21.)



EVERY month, we propose to give some brief notice of one of those "friends of God," whose glorious names shine on the Church's calendar. Each of these Saints will be found, in their own high degree, a Messenger and an Apostle of the Sacred Heart. For they have withstood persecution, suffered torments and death for the faith, or, again, have wrestled with their own hearts and overcome themselves, for the love of Him Who bought them by that Sacred Heart's own Precious Blood.

St. Agnes, virgin and martyr, suffered death at the hands of the heathen persecutor, when Rome was still the great and wicked city seen by St. John in vision, as a "woman drunk with the blood of the saints, and with the martyrs of Jesus." The martyrdom of St. Agnes took place rather more than three hundred years after our Divine Lord was born, and about twenty years before persecution ceased. She was among the youngest of the martyrs known to us, who shed their blood willingly for the faith. Therefore she was a martyr (a witness to the Gospel of our Lord—for *that* is the meaning of the word) both in will and deed. There had been some, younger than herself, martyred in deed but not in will; the babes of Bethlehem, who knew nothing of the reason why their blood was shed. The Church celebrates them on their own feast, the 28th of December, as "Holy Innocents." They were baptized in their own blood, and so went straight to Heaven. But when a Christian comes to years

of discretion, and has learnt right from wrong, or (as people say) learnt to "know the difference," then he cannot be a martyr unless he is so by his own free will. He must know what he is about; he must accept the terms proposed to him, of dying, and dying in torments, if he would not become an apostate. Few people like dying, for its own sake, or considered in itself. But when it comes to this, that you must renounce your life, or else renounce "the truth as it is in Jesus," why, then, you have to part with that precious thing, life, to gain that more precious thing, Life Eternal. And this St. Agnes did, at thirteen years' old.

A young girl of thirteen! So young, so girlish in form and stature, that none of the handcuffs and fetters in the foul, frightful prison could be found small enough to confine her wrists; they dropped on the stone floor, like bracelets too large for the wearer. A tender flower, to be transplanted so early into the Paradise of God! St. Ambrose, the holy Bishop of Milan, has celebrated her martyrdom in beautiful words:

"Fearless," he says, in his book concerning virgins, "fearless, amid the blood-stained band of executioners; unmoved, while the ponderous chains resounded as they were dragged along, she offered her body to the sword-point of the savage soldier: ready for death, though inexperienced to die. To the place of torment hastened the virgin, with glad step, as of a bride. All bewept her, while she herself was without a tear. The multitude marvelled, that one who had not yet tasted of life, should yield it with such prodigal ease, as though the cup had been already drained. . . What terrific threatenings did the headsman employ, to make her fear him: what gentle pleadings, in order to persuade her! how many wished she might be given to them in marriage! Meanwhile: 'It is wronging my Heavenly Spouse,' said she, 'to await my compliance. He will receive me, Who has

already chosen me ; headsman, why delay the stroke ? Perish this body ; I will none of those looks that may regard it with favour.' So stood she in prayer ; then bowed her neck. You might have seen the executioner tremble, as though himself had been the one condemned ; his hand shook while dealing the blow, his countenance paled with dread at the impending fate of one who dreaded not for herself. Thus in one victim you have a twofold martyrdom, of purity and of faith. A virgin, ever ; a martyr she became."

This is all we can say, at the moment, on the beautiful story of St. Agnes ; except to add, that the antiphons¹ recited in her Office breathe the most ecstatic love for her Heavenly Spouse. Under the similitude of the costly gifts which a bride receives on her wedding, does this pure young virgin rehearse the graces and endowments bestowed on her by the Divine Love. "My Lord Jesus Christ," she sings, "hath espoused me with His ring, and adorned me as a bride with a crown." Again : "Unto Him am I espoused, Whom the angels serve, Whose beautifulness the sun and moon gaze upon with admiration : to Him alone do I keep my faith, to Him with entire devotion I commit myself. Precious are the stones He hath bound about my right arm and my neck ; He hath given, to mine ears, pearls of priceless value." Thus does she celebrate the great truth, of which prophets before had given sublime indications, that between the God-Man and the pure soul, washed in His Blood, there is a high and mystic union, whereby the creature "becomes partaker of the Divine Nature." And thus, for St. Agnes, who went to Heaven almost as soon as she entered her teens, we claim the title of an Apostle and Promoter of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

¹ An antiphon is a sort of versicle or response, chanted in choir, and repeated, as containing a leading thought to be dwelt on by those who are reciting the Office.



NEW FAVOURS GRANTED BY HIS HOLINESS TO THE LEAGUE.

By the Pontifical Rescript of August 24, 1884.

IT is with keen pleasure that we announce to our dear Associates these new graces, by which the Pope has once more given them proof of the fatherly love with which he cherishes the Apostleship of Prayer. We call them *new*, with good reason ; for, although the actual rescript is dated in August last, the necessary formalities prevented them being made known until the month of November.

All our members will feel with us that this act of His Holiness is doubly gratifying : for not only is the gift great, but the manner of giving it has been especially gracious. Many of us have often meditated on this great truth, that love shows itself not only by a gift, but often still more, by the way in which it is bestowed. A penny may be carelessly tost by a passer-by into a beggar's hat ; this is certainly one way of giving. But how different is the glad surprise caused by the gift of something we had greatly desired, but had never mentioned, and of which only the keen eyes of affection could have discovered our want !

Leo XIII. might have recognized, as he so promptly did, how valuable is the Holy League to souls, and yet, amidst his many cares, have troubled himself little about the details of our organization. His Holiness might have simply contented himself with granting Indulgences to those who joined its ranks. Not so. He has chosen to lend himself to the details of our wants : and, finding one

24 *New Favours granted by His Holiness*

portion of our organization less richly provided than the rest, he has opened the treasure-house of the Church, exactly according to our need.

To make this clear to such of our readers as do not belong to the Apostleship, we should explain that there are three classes of members in the Holy League. First, those who make the daily offering of their prayer and work and suffering for the intentions of the Divine Heart pleading on the Altar. Secondly, those who moreover say a daily decade of the beads for the same end. Lastly, such as engage to make periodically the Communion of Atonement. Now, for years past the First Degree has been enriched with a multitude of Indulgences ; and for the Third, in the beginning of 1882 all the Indulgences of the Confraternity of the Communion of Atonement were bestowed upon the Apostleship. But the Second Degree, which is so essential to the organization of the League *there where it is most wanted*, in the midst of the working world, remained comparatively unendowed. One favour had been granted by Pius IX., namely, that all our Local Directors who have under their direction three hundred members engaged to say the daily decade, are privileged to bestow the Brigittine and Apostolic Indulgences.

With a large-hearted charity which our Associates will never forget, the Dominican Fathers in England opened their arms to them, granting to us powers so large that every one of our members of the Second Degree now enjoys the Indulgences also of the Living Rosary.

But still it remained true that though enriched indeed by the charity of our brethren the Second Degree of the Apostleship was comparatively unendowed, and as only in the larger parishes so many as three hundred could be gathered to undertake to say their decade every day, the Directors who could enjoy the privilege granted by Pius IX., were few. This was a pity ; for our Associates of

the Second Degree are peculiarly deserving of reward and encouragement. That degree consists of the hard-working poor; men and women who, after the day's toil, bethink themselves that our sweet Lady must have her due, or their heads will not rest easily upon their pillows. Our more highly favoured Associates, who in the regularity of their community life or the serenity of their devout leisure say their Rosary every day, have not of course felt this want so much. But with good reason we say, that the additional gift we are speaking of has been bestowed with a vigilance like God's own, *according to the need*; and our members will not be slow in making the return which gratitude suggests. The Rescript was granted on the petition of his Eminence Cardinal Simeoni, Cardinal Protector of the League.

Indulgences granted to all members of the Apostleship of Prayer who daily say a decade of the beads for the intentions of the Sacred Heart.

(1) 100 days, each time.

(2) A Plenary Indulgence on the Friday after Septuagesima Sunday (the feast of our Lord's Prayer in the Garden).

A Plenary Indulgence on the feast of the Most Pure Heart of Mary (the Sunday after the octave of the Assumption).

A Plenary Indulgence on the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph (the third Sunday after Easter).

Moreover, by the same Rescript all Local Directors of the League who have *fifty* members reciting the daily decade, are privileged to confer the Brigittine and Apostolic Indulgences. This privilege is however granted *on the condition* that the Director has in the church or chapel a monthly meeting of the League.¹

¹ "Familiar hints on the preparation preliminary to the solemn establishment of the Holy League," a leaflet, can be had on application by the clergy. Correspondents should charitably remember how unusually heavy our burden for postage becomes.



THE INTERESTS OF JESUS CHRIST IN THE WORLD.

INTRODUCTORY.



WHEN two armies come in sight of each other, for some decisive battle, they observe one another, you may be sure, with the greatest interest. Each commander throws out his *reconnoissances*, as they are called ; that is, he detaches small parties of three or four soldiers, with an officer aided by his telescope, to watch the proceedings of the opposite force. They come as near as they can with safety ; then they retreat again, to report to head-quarters what appear to be the movements of the enemy : what plan of attack he seems to be designing, what strong points he is making for, where he will probably advance, and so on. The general would be insane, or a traitor to his cause, who took no such precautions to ascertain what he was to defend, where he was to attack, or how the ground lay. He would expose the army entrusted to him, to the plain danger of being defeated and cut to pieces ; and on his return home, he would very likely be utterly disgraced, or shot by order of a court-martial.

Now, the cause of our Lord Jesus Christ upon earth is in a militant condition, a state of warfare. We have to "fight the good fight of faith,"¹ as the holy Apostle exhorts us : and he uses a still stronger expression than is given in the English ; he calls it " the noble contest of

¹ 1 Tim. vi. 12.

faith." It is noble, because it is fought under the banner of the great King—His conquering Cross. That is the sign of an assured victory, if only we are brave and faithful. But the contest is not one in which we may or may not engage, as it shall please us. When a young man chooses the army as his profession, he probably chooses it deliberately—unless he is a hare-brained youngster, in love with a red coat and a sword-tassel. He prefers it to being a lawyer, a doctor, or going out to Australia. And it would be no shame to him, if, after all, he determined to plead in the courts or practise in the hospitals, instead of entering the army. It is not so with us. By our very profession as Christians, we are pledged to fight on our Lord's side, and against His enemies : we cannot help being soldiers, unless we are to prove traitors and apostates. Hence St. Paul, in the passage just quoted, goes on to speak of the Christian's call, or vocation, and his profession before many witnesses. He is *called* to contend in "the noble contest of faith ;" if he refuses, shame and punishment are in store for him, and both richly deserved. In earthly warfare, the officer who disgraces himself, has his sword broken, the serjeant has the honourable lace cut from his sleeve, the soldier is drummed out of the regiment. Sometimes, it is the punishment of death. In the spiritual combat, the punishment is far more dreadful, as we all know. It is the punishment of death eternal.

As, then, in the one warfare, so in the other, it is of the greatest importance to watch the movements of the enemy. For the individual Christian, of course, this watchfulness is the examination of conscience and the review of his personal duties and dangers. For the zealous promoter of the Holy League, it consists moreover in watching events *in our Lord's interest*. If we are really interested in the welfare of souls, in promoting the end and object for which Jesus came down upon earth,

28 *The Interests of Jesus Christ in the World.*

and then mounted to the Cross, we shall find out ways of helping Him, in good number. There is a wonderful ingenuity about people who are determined to carry a point. You see them watch for opportunities, as a cat watches for a mouse ; when the mouse appears, there is no doubt about the cat's movements. The animal springs by instinct, without a hesitation. What a pity, that man, gifted with free-will, conscious of being "partaker of the heavenly vocation,"² should be so timorous and half-hearted when there is a stroke of work, or a move in the battle, to be secured for his Lord ; that he should be shy, fearful of "what people will say"—"afraid, e'en at the sound himself had made"—in a word, so much more like the mouse, and so little like the cat !

These remarks, by way of introduction, are only just a solitary note of the trumpet, to remind our readers that the battle is always going forward. Month by month, we hope to set before them some especial aspect of the campaign, some manœuvre or movement of the enemy that has to be met and defeated by efforts and prayer. And if we have compared our Promoters to the cat, let us not be misunderstood : it is the watchfulness and promptness of puss which we commend, not the use of her sharp claws. Our weapons are kindly acts, the word in season, or, again, the silence when impatience or vanity would bid us speak foolishly : but, above all, *prayer*. "Though we walk in the flesh, we do not war according to the flesh. For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty to God unto the pulling down of fortifications, destroying counsels, and every height that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every understanding unto the obedience of Christ."³

² Heb. iii. 1.

³ 2 Cor. x. 3—5.



OUR ASSOCIATES will not forget to pray for Father RAMIERE, the venerated Founder of the Apostleship of Prayer; to whom we are all indebted more than we can repay. His anniversary occurs on the 3rd of January. May his soul find rest in the Divine Heart which he loved so devotedly.

AN IMPORTANT PIECE OF INTELLIGENCE.

AS we sit down to write, we receive news which all lovers of the Holy League will rejoice to hear. Had he been living still on earth, it would have filled up the measure of Father Ramière's gratitude. But, in truth, we may well attribute the favour to the power of his intercession with God. Many of our readers are aware that Father Régnaud, the Director General of the Apostleship, went early in November to Rome, in order to lay at the feet of the Holy Father the united homage of the whole League of the Sacred Heart. Writing from Rome, the Father says: "His Eminence Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of Propaganda and Cardinal Protector of our work, has condescended to accept the office of appointing the monthly Intentions* which shall appear most worthy to be recom-

* For the benefit of our new readers who as yet may be unfamiliar with the nature of the Apostleship, we may explain that amongst the earliest favours granted by the Church to the League was an Indulgence of one hundred days for every prayer or good work offered by the members for the Intention indicated in the *Messenger* in the beginning of each month by the Director General of the work. It has been explained in the *Handbook* (ch. iv. art. 2), that the Church by this great favour set at all times the seal of her high approbation upon the Intentions thus blessed. Yet, as is evident, a still higher sanction now attaches to them, inasmuch as they proceed so directly from the exalted authority of the Cardinal-Protector himself.

mended to the prayers and holy zeal of our Associates. The Directors and the Members of the Holy League will see at a glance what high authority is imparted to those Intentions by this gracious act of his Eminence." It may indeed be added that the present Intention was, at the audience of the 20th of November, submitted to His Holiness himself, who blessed it with all the effusion of his paternal heart.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JANUARY.

The Writers who defend the Church.

SMALL space is left to us to explain to our dear Associates the Intention for which their prayers are asked at the beginning of this new year. Yet the urgent admonitions, not only of the present, but of the late and of former Pontiffs, show it to be of the very first importance for the Church's good. Our members also will not fail to remark that it is *of especial personal interest to ourselves*; but it is unnecessary to dwell further upon that head. Ten years ago, the Bishops of Switzerland joined their warning voices in a Pastoral issued by them all together, and raised a cry of alarm at the deep wound from which the Catholic body was then suffering. Alas ! it has not ceased to grow deeper and more corrupt since that day, and threatens the moral health of the entire people. "Whence," they asked, "proceed these poisonous opinions and vicious sentiments, so commonly heard from lips of every age and every class of life? Who is it that stifles the voice of conscience in men's hearts, corrupts the fairness of their dealings, undermines their respect for all authority?" And those venerable Bishops answered, with no uncertain voice, that these dreadful evils have their origin in an anti-Christian Press.

And we, to-day, even here in England, where the Press

is not *as yet* quite so openly infidel as in some other countries, cannot notice, without shame and fear, how many powerful pens are hour by hour degraded *for hire* to become the advocate of everything false, poisonous, and opposed to the interests of God and His Christ and of immortal souls! False principles, irreligious maxims, misrepresentation, scorn, and derision of all that is pure and humble, the exaltation of all that is selfish, shameless, and worldly. This is the too-familiar food provided for those who devote their time to the newspapers and periodicals of the day. The most shallow reflection will show the deadly harm suffered by Catholic men, women, and *even children*, by this gradual but constant poison, dropping unperceived into minds and hearts, and thence corrupting manners and conversation. Would to God, is the irrepressible cry, that an army of writers might arise to defend truth and right, and the Church of God, in words so powerful and persuasive as to *force* men to read, and ponder, and be convinced!

So at least cried Pius IX.,* and so, again, our Holy Father Leo XIII.:† “This *immense evil*,” he says, “gains ground every day; its violence *must be checked*. To evil journals we must oppose good ones. The instrument which is so powerful to destroy, must be employed to rescue, and the cure must flow from the same fountain as the poison.”

This month, then, it is the duty of the members of the Apostleship of Prayer to pray for this Intention, especially blessed by the Holy Father himself; that out of the Divine Heart this grace may be given to the Church, that men able and willing to write with power in defence of the Catholic faith and the interests of Jesus Christ in the world, may devote themselves to the holy work for God's glory.

* *Encyclical*, 1864.

† *Encyclical*, May 13, 1882

INTENTIONS FOR JANUARY.

1. Thurs. **THE CIRCUMCISION.**—Constancy in the practice of self-denial; 6,825 acts of thanksgiving.
2. Fri. *Octave of S. Stephen, Proto-M.*—FIRST FRIDAY OF THE MONTH.—Kindness in listening to those who bore us; 1,648 reconciliations.
3. Sat. *Octave of S. John, Ap. and Evang.*—Horror of double-meaning words; the canonization of the Blessed Margaret Mary.
4. SUN. *Octave of Holy Innocents.*—Strong trust in God's love of me; 4 340 interior graces.
5. Mon. *Octave of S. Thomas, B.M.*—Grace to put duty first; our dead Associates.
6. Tues. **THE EPIPHANY.**—Grace to give without grudging; 309 foreign missions.
7. Wed. *Of the Octave.*—Desire of Holy Communion; 4,664 in affliction.
8. Thurs. *Of the Octave.*—Grace to have great sorrow for small faults; 2,254 graces of perseverance.
9. Fri. *Of the Octave.*—Joy in helping the poor; 3694 families.
10. Sat. *Of the Octave.*—Desire of atoning for the dishonour God suffers; 272 spiritual undertakings.
11. *Sunday within the Octave.*—First after Epiphany.—GENERAL COMMUNION OF ATONEMENT.—Light to fear self-indulgence; our Directors and Promoters departed.
12. Mon. *Of the Octave.*—Courage to undertake hard things; 1,643 vocations.
13. Tues. *Octave of the Epiphany.*—Desire of great devotion to the Sacred Heart; 1,981 parishes.
14. Wed. *S. Hilary, B.C.D.*—Unconquerable faith; 7,986 colleges and schools.
15. Thurs. *S. Paul the Hermit, C.*—Grace to despise worldliness; 2,792 missions and retreats.
16. Fri. *S. Marcellus, P.M.*—The memory of the Passion when we have to suffer; 8,760 sick.
17. Sat. *S. Antony, Ab. C.*—Light to remember eternity; 7,890 religious.
18. SUN. *Second after Epiphany.*—Most Holy Name of Jesus.—Reverence for the dear Name of Jesus; 18,930 various intentions.
19. Mon. *S. Wolstan, B.C.*—Grace to be just before being generous; 9,830 temporal affairs.
20. Tues. *SS. Fabian and Sebastian, M.M.*—Grace to think of our own sins when we see those of others; 15,908 young people.
21. Wed. *S. Agnes, V.M.*—Devotedness to the interests of Jesus Christ; 7,887 First Communions.
22. Thurs. *SS. Vincent and Anastasius, M.M.*—Grace not to give up because we are not praised; 22,609 children.
23. Fri. *The Espousals B.V.M.*—Love of the Holy Family; 2,815 parents.
24. Sat. *S. Timothy, B.M.*—Reverence for those over us; 12,344 dead.
25. SUN. *Third after Epiphany.*—Conversion of S. Paul, Ap.—Grace to imitate the obedience of Jesus; 9,845 living in sin.
26. Mon. *S. Polycarp, B.M.*—Zeal to spread the Apostleship; 2,040 superiors.
27. Tues. *S. John Chrysostom, B.C.D.*—Grace to hate our own selfishness; 1,341 novices and Church students.
28. Wed. *S. Raymund of Pennafort.*—Desire to make others love our Lady more; 6,791 heretics and schismatics.
29. Thurs. *S. Francis of Sales, B.C.D.*—Gentleness with those who are tiresome; 1,644 communities.
30. Fri. *S. Martina, V.M.*—Untiring perseverance in our Lord's cause; 1,420 promoters.
31. Sat. *S. Peter Nolasco, C.*—The charity which knows no exceptions; 4,620 priests and ecclesiastics.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular to obtain from Thy merciful Heart the gift of men who, by their writings, may defend the Church and the truth for which, O Jesus, Thou didst vouchsafe to die. Amen.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

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Large Intention Sheets of the Holy League, 2s. per annum.

Small do. (for the prayer-book), 3d. per annum.

Blank Certificates of Admission to the League, 1s. per 100.

Ditto to the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart, 9d. per 100.

Blank Forms to be hung up in communities to receive the intentions during the month, foolscap size, 6d. per dozen.

Form of Ceremonial for publicly conferring the Badge of the Holy League, 3d. for 25.

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The Indulgenced Badge, 1d. each, 7s. 6d. per 100, 31s. 3d. for 500. (All Directors of 500 Associates will therefore find that the payment by each member of one penny for their Badge, more than covers the cost of both the Admission Tickets).

The Bronze Cross of the Promoters, 6d. each, 5s. per doz.

Brief Account of the Apostleship, circular for distribution 1s. per 1,000.

—

All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Office of the Apostleship of Prayer, 48, South Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W. Cheques and Post Office Orders to be made payable to M. Ainsworth.

THE
MESSENGER
OF THE
SACRED HEART.

ORGAN OF THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.



STEREOTYPE.

MANRESA PRESS.

1885.

APPROBATION AND BLESSING OF HIS
LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.

IMPRIMATUR. ✠ ROBERTUS, C.S.S.R.,
EPISCOPUS SOUTHWARCENSIS.

Die 22 Decembris, 1884.

“We cordially bless the New Series of
“the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for the
“use of the Poor, and wish it a wide circu-
“lation and every success.”

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THE
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STEREOTYPE.

MANRESA PRESS.

1885.

Accordingly, before the Father's departure from Rome, he received through the hands of the Cardinal Protector the following precious document, signed with the Pope's autograph :

November 20, 1884.

Piæ Sodalitati universæ, Sodalibus, Moderatoribus itemque omnibus qui cultui ergæ SS. Cor JESU provehendo student, apostolicam benedictionem peramanter in Domino impertimus.

LEO P.P. XIII.

"To the entire pious Sodality, to its Members, its Directors, and likewise to all who endeavour to promote devotion to the most Sacred Heart of JESUS, We give our Benediction with great affection in the Lord.

"LEO XIII., POPE."

OBEDIENCE.

FATHER JOHN LEVACHER was sent by St. Vincent of Paul to Africa.

When he reached the Lazarist House at Marseilles, he fell seriously ill.

The Superior of the house wrote to St. Vincent, that Father Levacher could not sail for Africa.

St. Vincent replied : "Have no fear ; and let him embark at once."

The Superior wrote back : "It is impossible—no ship would take him, as he would certainly die on board."

St. Vincent replied : "If no ship will take Father Levacher, *throw him into the sea.* God calls him to Africa. I am sure he will get there."

Father Levacher embarked directly—he arrived in good health on the coast of Barbary, and there laboured many years in the Mission.



THE "ORGAN" OF JESUS CHRIST.

THE author of the following paragraphs, a distinguished professor of the great Seminary at Séez, gives so true and so beautiful a picture of what the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* seeks to be, that our Promoters need not hesitate to make use of it in their humble efforts to propagate the work.

"Jesus Christ has said : *I am the resurrection and the life.*¹

"What does 'securing the Catholic regeneration of nations' mean, but raising them again to life, giving them a new life, a life better than what they had before ; that is, breathing into them the Catholic life, the supernatural life, the Divine life ?

"For this, we must go to Jesus Christ. He Himself tells us so : *I am the resurrection and the life. . . Without Me, you can do nothing.*² But how to go to Jesus Christ, you will ask me ? How ? There are many different ways. True zeal tries them one by one, ever seeks new ones, discovers them for itself, never gives up !

"I will tell you of one. It is new ; at least, as the Church looks at things, it is new : and it is after the fashion of our modern days ; it is of the nineteenth century type.

"Every great personage now-a-days has his 'organ.' It is his newspaper, which advocates his opinions and defends his cause. Jesus Christ also has His organ, His newspaper, so to speak. To name it is enough to indicate

¹ St. John xi. 25 ; xv. 5.

² St. John xv. 5.

what it is, what it proposes to do. It is called the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. And it is indeed the 'organ' of Jesus Christ. It is His *Messenger*, to carry the news of the Heart of Jesus ; and soon it will lead to His feet those who will receive it, read it, and get a taste for the news it contains.

"Jansenist heretics pretended to love Jesus without loving the Heart of Jesus ; and we know what it came to. It emptied the confessionals of France. No one has ever loved the Heart of Jesus without loving and *living for* Jesus Christ.

"The *Messenger* is full of Him. Every number tells us something which makes us love Him more, and brings us oftener to Him and nearer to Him in the Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Communion.

"Have you ever seen this *Messenger* of His? Surely ; for it is to be found all over the world ; and, like the Apostles, speaks in every tongue—not French alone, in which it has its birth, but in German, in English, in Bohemian, in Spanish, in Flemish, in Dutch, in Italian, in Hungarian, in Polish, and in Portuguese, its message may be read by the children of the Church in the language which they learnt upon their mother's knee.

"Yes, like the Apostles, it speaks all tongues, it leaps over mountains, it crosses the sea, it is found beside the missionary in the midst of every people of the world.

"Still, if you do not know it, I will describe it to you. Its colour, like the colour of the Heart of Jesus, recalls the Divine Blood which saved the world. Its device is the prayer of Jesus, *Thy Kingdom come*. Its seal is the Divine Heart Itself, pleading incessantly from between His outstretched hands for the completion of the work of love for which It broke upon Mount Calvary. Planted in that Heart is the Cross ; around it is the Crown of Thorns, with the flames of Its love breaking forth on every side.

"Give it a generous welcome: its conversation will attract you, for it is kindly, and noble and plain; and like its Divine Master's, it "hath no bitterness."³

"Every month it pleads earnestly for prayers for an intention which, under a hundred varied forms, is ever the same: devotion to the Sacred Heart, and the triumph of Jesus Christ in the hearts of all men. You will also find in its pages the words and the acts of the Saints; the story of what great things the love of Jesus has made the weak and the little ones able to do in His name; and the means which an ever-living zeal discovers to reach the heart, and bring it captive to the feet of His love.

"It comes to you with the Rosary of Mary in its hands, and, through its means, uncounted thousands of the poor and the busy of the world have learnt to make the daily offering which the Mother of Jesus covets from the hands of His friends and children.

"Every month it has its article on 'the interests of Jesus Christ in the world'—*the politics of our Lord*. His fears, His hopes, His defeats, and His victories, are here narrated in a way to be always restoring the heart to courage and confidence. It is the study of the world, by the light of the Sun of Justice.

"Am I not then justified in what I say? The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* is in truth the Organ of Jesus Christ. Receive it, then, *in the Master's Name*: in His name read it, lend it, make a present of it, spread it afar. It will lead souls to Jesus, Who alone can give new life, and regenerate the nations of the earth."

THE REWARDS OF HEAVEN.

I HE last words of a dying missionary nun were: "Oh my God! so much, and for so little."

³ Wisdom viii. 16.



LETTER FROM THE IRISH CENTRAL DIRECTOR.

DEAR MESSENGER,—I have waited to see you before writing to you again. Nathaniel Hawthorne, indeed, says that, when we find how little we can express, it is a wonder that any one ever takes up a pen a second time. But then the author of *Twice-told Tales* was an exquisitely fastidious writer ; and ordinary mortals have sometimes less difficulty in taking up their pens than in laying them down. Before taking up mine in the present case, I have thought it well to await your first visit, that I might know more about you. There have been people, to be sure, who kept up an interchange of letters for years without having ever seen each other ; but must there not be a good deal of vagueness and unreality, a certain want of closeness and intimacy, in such correspondence ? Even the nearest friends and kinsfolk, when circumstances have separated them and forced them to converse through the penny post—even these find that they can write more freely and with a fuller and more intelligent mutual interest after a Christmas visit (for instance) has renewed their personal familiarity, and has brought them into closer acquaintance with all their surroundings and belongings. Some feeling of this sort made me, as I have said, anxious to see your No. I. before sending you another letter. I have seen it, and, on behalf of many of your Irish readers, I am able to express our full satisfaction.

To go no further than your bright cover, you do well to put forward so prominently that beautiful watchword of our Apostleship of Prayer—*Adveniat regnum tuum*, “Thy Kingdom come!” How high a place it holds in that prayer which Jesus prefaced by saying, “Thus shall ye pray.” We ought, all of us, to make it one of our most constant and fervent aspirations. Without consulting St. Teresa or any commentator, the simple explanation in *Butler’s Catechism* brings out well the meaning of this petition. “By this we beg that God may reign in our hearts by His grace in this life, and that we may reign with Him for ever in the next.” It is not *veniat* but *adveniat*—may it come, and come to us! “Lord, remember me, when Thou shalt come into Thy Kingdom”—“of Whose Kingdom there shall be no end.” That word of the Nicene Creed—*Cujus regni non erit finis*—used to throw the magnificent soul of St. Teresa into an ecstasy. With what fervour and fulness of meaning *she* must have uttered this war-cry of our crusade of prayer—*Adveniat regnum tuum!*

You have so many urgent calls on your not too ample space, dear Messenger, that I can only expect a very small portion of it. Let me just remind your readers of two or three interesting anniversaries which occur during this coming month of February. On the 15th of February, 1865, Cardinal Wiseman died, in the sixty-third year of his age. Twenty years dead already! Like his successor in the see of Westminster, he consecrated many of his published sermons to the Devotion of the Sacred Heart. This month contains also the anniversary, not of the death, but of the birth, of another great Cardinal: on the 21st, Cardinal Newman completes his eighty-fourth year. *Servus in cælum reaeat!* Seven years ago (February 7, 1878) Pius IX. died. Long live Leo XIII.!

These items do not belong to an Irish letter, neither does the following. Yet it is in my capacity as your Irish

correspondent that a beautiful and holy book has come to me from a spot of English ground which, I hope, is as pretty as its name—Summerfield, Sevenoaks, Kent. Its religious name is sweeter still—"Retreat of the Heart of Jesus." This is the newest offshoot from the *Religieuses de la Retraite* at Quimper in Brittany, where they have carried on their various works for more than two hundred years, in spite of the terrible Revolution to which this book refers. For it tells the noble story of Victoria de Saint Luc, a nun of this Order, who was guillotined as such in 1794, ten days before the fall of Robespierre himself. The charge urged against her most violently was that she had, even in her prison, made and distributed little pictures of the Sacred Heart, to which Devotion she had always been tenderly attached.

Another book which deserves to be mentioned in these pages is the *Hymns and Verses* of Lady Catherine Petre, the convert daughter of the Earl of Wicklow. Her poems are classed as "written before conversion," "written after conversion." Even in the former division we find a poem on the Sacred Heart, but it is vague and pale compared with "The Riven Heart," in the second division of the volume. This pious and gifted lady was born in the year 1830; and, as nearly all the pieces are dated, we trace her progress from her fifteenth year almost to her recent death, which was sudden but not unprovided. By far her finest poem is the last of all, "The Son of a King for me!" As the King is the King of Heaven, this fervent ballad leads us on also to that second petition of the *Pater noster*—"Thy Kingdom come!"

And so, dear Messenger, you are now fairly started on your journey. Among the Khond Indians, when two persons meet on a road, it is the custom for the younger one to say: "I am on my way," and for the other to reply: "Go on!" I have not heard what provision is made among the Khond Indians for the case of two ladies

meeting, neither of whom might be willing to plead seniority. But in the present instance no such difficulty arises. It is clearly my part to say "Go on!" Go on with courage and earnestness, trying to be true to your beautiful and glorious name. "Proceed prosperously and reign," as the Psalm and the Church's antiphon express it. But I know you will accept this greeting of the Psalmist only as an application of the motto on your title-page. You wish to reign in many hearts; in many homes, in the cottage, as well as in the convent, in order that in all those hearts the Heart of Jesus may reign more perfectly during life, and then for ever. *Adveniat regnum tuum!*

Yours ever in *Sanctissimo Corde*,

MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

A CIBORIUM.

(Adapted from the French.)

MY heart be Thy ciborium from this hour;
Not with mere gold bedeck'd, nor jewels' gleam:
Within me, Lord, work Thou Thy work of power,
Such as may best Thy shaping Hand beseem.
Give me the gold thrice-tried of pure content;
Give gems of meekness, pearls of patience fair:
Transforming, by Thy hidden Sacrament,
This baser life to virtues rich and rare.
Say'st Thou, Jesu! "Each metal I can mould—
Thy wayward heart rejects My loving skill;
Once did I form thee all of purest gold,
But thou didst break My work with thy rude will?"
I broke it! yet recast me, Lord, once more—
A vessel burnish'd for Thine altar shrine:
All canst Thou do; create, and then restore;
Maker Supreme! new-mould this work of Thine!



A SAINT FOR FEBRUARY.

ST. IGNATIUS OF ANTIOCH, BISHOP AND MARTYR.

(Feb. 1.)

THE name Ignatius is derived from the Latin word for *fire*: it means, a *man of fire*, something in the same way as our Lord called the two sons of Zebedee, *Boanerges*, that is, "sons of thunder,"¹ from the vehemence and zeal with which they were zealous for their Master's cause. Now, it is very true that people may be fiery in several ways. There is such a thing as a fiery temper, that makes a man "as a lion in his house, terrifying those of his household."² Most of us have known people so fiery, that you have to approach them with some caution, as you would carry a candle near a barrel of gunpowder: because a spark, a chance word, would be enough to set them a-blaze, and blow up the whole house. But that is a fire which is lit, certainly, not from Heaven.

The fire with which the great martyr St. Ignatius was ever burning, was the pure and holy flame our Lord speaks of: "I am come to cast fire on the earth: and what will I but that it be kindled?"³ It was kindled in his heart from those same flames that afterwards revealed themselves to Blessed Margaret Mary, as enveloping or bursting from the Heart of our Lord Himself. The yearning desire of the Son of God that this fire might be lighted up in men's hearts was accomplished in His servant Ignatius, in an eminent degree. His passionate longing for Jesus Christ, and therefore for suffering, may

¹ St. Mark iii. 17.

² Eccus. iv. 35.

³ St. Luke xii. 49.

be described as ecstatic ; that is, it carried him out of himself ; it made him to be what the world would call "beside Himself." He loved the sufferings awaiting him, because he loved Christ. For St. Ignatius regarded his martyrdom as the way appointed for him to get to God, to "gain Christ," as St. Paul says : and he longed to enter the passage, dark and painful though it was, because he longed to appear in the Presence-chamber beyond it, and to "see the King in His beauty."

Now, if we wish to know how great was the love of this eminent martyr for his crucified Lord, we must first get a notion of the cruel *games*, as they were called, in which the pagan Romans delighted, and in which St. Ignatius knew he was to die. There was an immensely large amphitheatre in Rome, built chiefly by the hands of the captive Jews, brought thither by the Emperor who took and destroyed Jerusalem. This huge place was called the Coliseum : you may have seen pictures of its ruins. It could hold, some say, a hundred thousand spectators. On certain days, a vast multitude used to assemble there, to see wild beasts fight with each other, or beasts fight with slaves trained to fight with them, and kill or be killed ; or slave fight with slave, till one of them received a mortal wound. This was what they called a "game," and the Romans used to come crowding to see the "games."

Now, when any celebrated robber, or murderer, or rebel against Rome, or malefactor of any kind—some noted Barabbas—had made himself a name for his evil deeds, they used to send him in chains to the Imperial City, from however great a distance, that the Romans might enjoy seeing him torn to pieces by lions and tigers, or slaughtered by the swordsmen. And, as Christianity was against the laws of these pagans, therefore any very noted Christian was sent to Rome, as a rebel against Cæsar, to share the same fate. Thus, the great Apostle

St. John was sent all the way from Ephesus to Rome, and put into a cauldron of boiling oil, though our Lord preserved him from death. And so, St. Ignatius was torn away from his beloved flock at Antioch in Syria, put on board ship, with much brutal treatment at the hands of his guards ; and when he arrived, loaded with chains, in Rome, was finally devoured by the lions in that great slaughter-house, the Coliseum, amid the shouts of the savage multitudes who crowded to see him die.

As he tracked this long distance, however, he managed to write a few letters, and send them to the churches of Asia Minor : those faithful people who loved their venerable Bishop with all their hearts. It is from these most precious epistles, worth much more than their weight in gold, that we learn what fire was shut up in the heart of St. Ignatius the Martyr, and burst forth whenever he spoke or wrote. He is all on flame with a holy impatience for the hour of his agony. He speaks of being torn to pieces, and ground by lions' teeth, as if he, and not the lions, hungered for it. What can be more ardent, more vehement, than such fiery words as these ?

“Suffer me to be the food of wild beasts, whereby I may attain unto God : I am God's wheat, and I am to be ground by the teeth of the beasts, that I may be found the pure bread of Christ. . . Pray to Christ for me, that in this I may become a pure sacrifice to God. . . I earnestly wish for the wild beasts that are prepared for me, and heartily desire that they may soon despatch me : I will entice them to devour me completely at once, and not treat me as they have treated some⁴ of the martyrs, whom they feared to touch : and if they are afraid to begin, I will provoke them to it. Pardon me, my children, in this ; I know what is expedient for me. Now I

⁴ It is very common to find in the Acts of the Martyrs, that the wild beasts, when let loose upon them in the amphitheatre, would not touch them, but came fawning to their feet.

begin indeed to be a disciple ; having no desire of anything except that I may find Jesus Christ. Let fire, let the cross, the wild beasts, let cutting and tearing of my flesh, the breaking of my bones, disruption of my limbs, and dismemberment of my whole body, with all the wicked torments, come upon me, so I may but attain to Jesus Christ. . . The fire that is within me, craves not for water ; but living, as it is, and springing up within, it says : Come quickly, come hither to the Father."

The devotion to the Sacred Heart had not, indeed, been revealed in this martyr's day so distinctly as in these latter times—and in this, how great is our special privilege ! But we see, in his wonderful expressions of ecstatic love the germ, the acorn (so to speak) which was afterwards to develope into a devotion so mighty, so many-branched and widely spread. How zealous a Promoter of the Apostleship of Prayer would St. Ignatius have been, if it had been thus shown to his holy soul, at that early day of the Church's life !

Oh, with what glorified and triumphant love does the soul of Ignatius now gaze upon the radiant Wounds of Jesus, among the bright ranks of those who "overcame by the Blood of the Lamb, and loved not their lives unto death !" ⁵ Shall we not earnestly ask this "martyr in will and in deed" to obtain for us something of the sacred fire that burned within his heart even here below ? The world is a cold, dull, heartless place : but by fervent prayer, and fervent work, and patient, aye, fervent suffering, we may turn it into a furnace of love ; and, like the three children in Babylon, we may walk there, not only unharmed, but rejoicing and praising God.

Collect.

Look upon our weakness, O Almighty God ! and forasmuch as the weight of our evil actions presses us down, may the glorious intercession of Blessed Ignatius, Thy martyr, protect us. Through our Lord.

⁵ Apoc. xii. 11.



A SUN-BEAM MESSAGE TO THE SICK.



LITTLE French book was written some years ago, and translated into English under the title : "A trap to catch a sun-beam." The purpose of those few pages (it was a simple childish story) was to show how we may catch sun-beams, or let them pass by us. We catch them, and we can cheer our hearts by their brightness, if we learn to look at the favourable side of things ; if we cultivate cheerfulness, and hope, and charity towards those around us. The following lines, written by "A Sacristan's Daughter," carries up the sun-beam's moral still higher, and teaches prettily the lesson of the Apostleship of Prayer. It therefore becomes an instruction fitted for the pages of our *Messenger*, and we give it without further preface.

WEARY and sad at awaking
Were heart and aching head ;
But God in His love sent a sun-beam
To brighten my lowly bed.

O'er our Lady I see it playing,
It lights up her braided hair ;
It rests on her heart for a moment,
As if it were hiding there.

Ah ! what a glorious sun-beam,
Although the morning is cold !
And it falls at length on my picture,
Turning its frame to gold.

The picture dear of my loved One,
With hands ever raised to plead ;
With Heart that kindles the smoking flax,
And lifts up the bruised reed.

It crowns the meek Brow with its halo,
It shines on the Master's Face,
Lighting the Eyes that are pleading,
With a new and marvellous grace.

I watched it creep onward and onward,
Till it glowed on the Sacred Heart,
And the drops of Blood and the thorn-crown ;
Of their glory it seemed a part.

Leagues, by the countless thousand,
It had come, that beaming ray :
Straight from the sun's heart burning,
That turns the night to day.

The motes, that a moment beforehand
Were earthy as earth could be,
Now shimmered with light in the sun-beam,
As it whispered a thought to me.

It told of the prayer that cometh
E'en thus from the Sun Divine,
While our prayers, and our work and suffering,
Like motes in its glory shine.

Gathered and cleansed by our Mother,
Our love-gifts float on the wave
That pours from the great Heart pleading
For the sinners He died to save.

O shame, Lord, for me to be weary !
Weary of giving to Thee,
Whose Heart was but weary of waiting
To suffer and die for me !

The sun-beam glides away softly,
But my heart has heard its song ;
And the message of joy is with me
In the cot where I've lain so long.



THE INTERESTS OF JESUS CHRIST IN THE WORLD.

WHEN we look up into the heavens on a starry night, there are certain great planets or collections of stars that strike us at once, by their superior size and brightness. They arrest the eye ; they claim the first attention. But, as we continue to gaze on, the number of lesser stars that we scarcely noticed, seems to increase and multiply upon us. Star after star, they steal out, we can hardly tell how ; they grow upon the sight : there they are, where they were not before—at least, so it seems to us. It is only that our eye and our attention have become more expert, more ingenious in discovering them : till at length, the whole vault of heaven appears studded and filled with those orbs of light.

So it is also with the spiritual concerns of earth. So it is with the objects of prayer, and therefore with the subjects proper to be considered by hearts that engage in the Apostleship of Prayer. At first, the attention is directed to some great pressing needs, affecting the interests of our Lord and His cause here below. We think of our Holy Father the Pope, and his intentions : for such as his intentions are, such are those of His Divine Master. They are summed up in this : “I am come to send fire upon the earth : and what will I, but that it be

kindled?"¹ We think of the unity of Christendom, the defeat of the Church's enemies, the conversion of sinners : in a word, all those great general intentions for which we are taught to pray on Good Friday, while, in order to obtain them, the congregation kneels again and again, as each is recited in the Mass of the Pre-sanctified. These are the larger orbits of prayer, if we may express it so ; as "star differeth from star." But they do not fill the vault of heaven ; there is still room left for more.

Now, it will be the aim of our monthly paper, headed like this present one, to remind the members of our League how many important things there are, on every side, to be prayed for. "Give me some one definite thing to do for Thee," i the aspiration of a heart when stirred by the sense that our Blessed Lord has done *all* for us. "*What* shall I render to the Lord?"² asks the Psalmist : and he answers himself at once ; "I will take the chalice of salvation, and I will call upon the Name of the Lord." "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" asks Saul the persecutor, as he lies on the road to Damascus, "trembling and astonished." Their aspirations took a definite form, and asked for something to fasten upon. So ought our intercessory prayers. They should begin from a point, like a stone cast into a lake, that makes a small circle in the water, just in the spot where it fell. But the next moment, that circle enlarges, and goes on widening, and wider still, till it is only stopped by the margin.

To give an instance. A tribe of some five thousand Indians, all counted, is not a large item in the great sum total of the world's population. It does not make much of a show, a very extensive blot on the map, among the crowding millions of the dark places of heathendom. Nevertheless they are people to be saved, and therefore to be prayed for : as we proceed to show, by introducing our readers to a spot

¹ St. Luke xii. 49.

² Ps. cxv. 12.

BETWEEN THE TWO AMERICAS.

THE Bishop of Costa Rica, a tract of country lying on the isthmus of Panama that unites North and South America, passed through England last October, on his way back to his diocese from Rome. He related to an English bishop some remarkable circumstances, as having occurred among the native Indian tribes in that locality. Costa Rica itself lies in a valley, and is blest with a tolerably healthy and rather pleasant climate. The spiritual needs of the place are supplied by the Bishop and his clergy. But the surrounding mountains are occupied by tribes of wild and heathen Indians. Among these the Bishop penetrated, to discover what prospect there might be of evangelizing them. He found one especial tribe, consisting of some five thousand souls, of whom no white man seemed ever to have heard. He laboured hard to gain their confidence, and at length succeeded; that is, after they had twice done their best to poison him. Once, at least, if not oftener, he actually imbibed the poison which was fatal to his two companions. In some way which appeared almost miraculous, he was preserved from its effects: and it was this, doubtless, which disposed the Indians to receive his mission as from Heaven. So it was with St. Paul and the barbarous islanders of Melita.³ Other special tokens of the Divine protection attended the Bishop. He took with him, of course, on this apostolic expedition, very little that could be called "luggage;" and must be supposed not to have

³ "When the barbarians saw the [viper] hanging on his hand, they said to one another: Undoubtedly this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, vengeance doth not suffer to live. However, shaking off the beast into the fire, he suffered no harm. But they supposed that he would begin to swell up, or would suddenly fall down and die. But when they expected [this] for a long while, and saw that nothing out of the way came to him, they changed their minds, and said that he was a god" (Acts xxviii. 4-6).

had the "two coats" which our Lord implied to be an excess in those who carried His Gospel message. Whatever small effects he may have possessed, he was separated from them by some accident. Sudden and violent rains are frequent in that district ; and to remain in wet clothes is almost certain to bring on a fatal fever. When, therefore, on their expedition, they saw the dark and heavy rain-clouds gather over their heads, they prayed with great fervour against what they knew to be an imminent danger. And behold, while the floods descended all around them, and soaked the ground on every side, within a hundred yards of the spot where they knelt, not a drop fell on themselves or on their garments. The Indians were astonished, as well they might be, at this (to them) unaccountable wonder. The Bishop, no doubt, recalled our Lord's assurance :

"Have the faith of God. Amen, I say to you, that whosoever shall say to this mountain : Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, and shall not stagger in his heart, but believe that whatsoever he saith shall be done, it shall be done to him."⁴

We must add the next verse also, because it is so encouraging to the Apostleship of Prayer ; and it is the conclusion drawn for us by our Lord from His own words :

"Therefore I say unto you, all things whatsoever you ask when ye pray, believe that you shall receive, and they shall come unto you."

Now, who would not wish that by his prayers, some zealous missionary might be sent to Costa Rica? What member of the Apostleship would not rejoice to anticipate a greeting in Heaven from some glorified saint, once a poor savage Indian from that part of the world, whose alleluias should be tuned to some expression as this :

"I was dwelling in the midst of my darkness, and

⁴ St. Mark xi. 22, 23.

going down to the abyss, when there came a waft of prayer, straight from your heart ; it sent to me and to my tribe a messenger of peace, who reclaimed us, instructed us, poured over us the regenerating waters, fed us with the Bread of Life, and—we are here ?”

Yes, for “they that instruct many to justice shall shine as stars for all eternity.”⁵

THE ROSARY.

TO come to a subject more generally affecting the Church, one of the most important of the spiritual events of 1884 was, undoubtedly, the expression of the Holy Father's wish for the promotion of the Rosary. All our Associates, in common with the whole Catholic body must have rejoiced at this fresh proof that the great Pontiff whom our Lord has sent us, is eminently the “man of the time.” How many hearts that had more or less neglected this chief devotion, or practised it languidly, have been awakened by the voice of our Lord's Vicar, and grasped their beads at once, as a great instrument and weapon of prayer ? Weapon, we say : for though it might be fanciful to assert that the rosary is indicated by those “five smooth stones out of the brook,” the first of which, in David's sling, slew the giant Goliath, yet, to outward eyes, there is no proportion between the decades of a rosary and the mighty effects they can work in a faithful hand, guided by a faithful heart. “Giants are upon the earth” in these our days also. Not men like Goliath, “whose height was six cubits and a span,” with his helmet of brass and his weighty armour, but gigantic and overgrown evils, that come up threatening against the camp of the Lord. We have men of great intellect and misguided study, whose pride of understanding has

⁵ Dan. xii. 3.

led them astray from God ; of whom St. Paul would have said that they "became vain in their thoughts, and their foolish heart was darkened : for professing themselves to be wise, they became fools." And we have many men of small intellect, whose study has been as diminutive as their capacity ; and these follow the strong blind men in a string, till one after another they fall with him into the ditch. Yet their voice is so loud, and their scorn of the faith so vehement, and their eloquence, in some cases, so attractive, that it needs the sling of David and the five smooth stones in his shepherd's scrip, to face and to overcome them. "What have you to answer to all we say?" they shout in the ears of the poor, the simple, the little ones. And the sufficient answer is : "Prayer." "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield : but I come to thee in the Name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, which thou hast defied. . . And all this assembly shall know, that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear : *for it is His battle.*"⁶

There were mighty men of influence among the Albigenses, teaching their dreadful soul-destroying opinions ; but they could not stand against the rosary in the hands of St. Dominic. There were stout fierce warriors in the Turkish fleet at Lepanto, when the false creed of Mahomet threatened Christendom ; but the confraternity of the Rosary quelled their rage.⁷ All honour, then, and thanks to our Holy Father Leo XIII., for having sounded, as it were, a trump-tet-note so clear, so authoritative, over all the field. His Holiness has put us on our mettle, and bade us refurbish the weapons of our spiritual warfare, and remember that we are enlisted as soldiers of Jesus Christ. If all this sounds rather warlike to meek and quiet Christians, to the aged and infirm saying their

⁶ 1 Kings xvii.

⁷ These two edifying histories may be told in future numbers.

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beads by the fire-side of a sick-room, to children managing to get their decade nicely said on the way to and from school, then we must remind them of what wicked men are actively doing against our Lord, while *they* are tranquilly praying, "Thy Kingdom come." We report, therefore, from a French Catholic journal, some fearful

OUTRAGES TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

WHEN a man has thoroughly lost his faith, and acts accordingly, he does not return to be a mere natural man, as he was before the gift of faith was infused into his soul. He becomes more like a demon. This is a fearful thing to say ; but here is one proof, among others. If Satan could have his way, what would he do to our Lord's Presence in the Blessed Sacrament ? He would snatch the ciborium ; he would hurl down the monstrance ; he would scatter the sacred particles on the pavement, and trample on them. As he is not permitted to do this himself, he persuades his agents to do it for him. These agents are unbelievers who have so far lost their faith as not to realize that such outrages will be repaid by eternal torments, unless a stupendous mercy and a true repentance shall snatch the malefactor from his doom. Lost their faith so far, we repeat ; yet they have retained enough of it, perhaps, to know that they were really "crucifying again to themselves the Son of God, and making Him a mockery ;" treading under foot the Son of God, esteeming unclean the Blood of the covenant, and offering an insult to the Spirit of Grace.¹

And Satan's successes in this way have been many and dreadful. Some of them become publicly known, when a church is broken open by a house-breaker, for the gold of the sacred vessels, or by a revolutionary mob in the wantonness of impiety. Some of them, and yet more

¹ Heb. vi. 6 ; x. 29.

horrible, are known to a few. Many remain to be revealed at the Last Day, when all things shall be made manifest. How completely does our hidden God² leave Himself in the hands of His creatures? If they insult Him in the Sacrament of His love, in that state of abasement to which His love for them has reduced Him, He "answers not a word." In Gethsemane,³ He had but to show Himself and say, with a moment of calm majesty: "I am He;" and they who came to take Him went backward, and fell to the ground. But in the Tabernacle, there is no sign, no accent, no syllable; they take Him, they cast *Him* to the ground; they may trample on Him: "He shall be led as a sheep to the slaughter, and shall be dumb as a lamb before his shearers, and He shall not open His mouth."⁴ Oh, but the eternal answer which those tremendous impieties will receive in the abysses of Hell!

Such thoughts are forced upon us on reading in the French papers of some late sacrileges which have struck with consternation the faithful in the diocese of Marseilles. No wonder the scourge of cholera has gone forth as an avenger of God's outraged majesty. The Bishop of Marseilles has been compelled to issue an ordinance that, until more permanent measures are taken, no sacred vessel shall be kept in church or sacristy. Every evening the Most Holy Sacrament is to be carried into some secure refuge. Thus history repeats itself. The time has come round again for the words: "Arise, and take the Child, and flee!" For the sacramental life of our Lord resembles His infant life in its apparent helplessness. He puts back the twelve legions of angels, and commits Himself to the hands of a parish priest:

Reposing, infant-like, as though
On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee!

² "Truly, Thou art a hidden God, the God of Israel the Saviour" (Isaias xlv. 15).

³ St. John xviii. 6.

⁴ Isaias liii. 7.

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These sacrileges are here reported in our *Messenger* for a special purpose : they will engage our Associates and Promoters to acts of fervent loving *reparation*. This is one way in which our Lord is ever bringing good out of evil : the horror and recoil from a sin results in some special counter-action on the side of good. Let us, then, remember these dreadful deeds in our visits to that prison of love where He detains Himself because "His delights are to be with the children of men." There let us pray in the words so familiar to us : "Pardon all the irreverences, impieties, and sacrileges which have been committed against Thee in the Sacrament of the Eucharist, from Its first institution."

Turning to something brighter, we have great pleasure in reporting to our Associates the following cheery words that come to us "from the other end of the world." The reverend writers are at the *Antipodes*; that is, if we could see them through the thickness of this great earth, whether at this moment they are standing or walking, sitting or kneeling, they would seem to us to have their heads downwards. In spite of this, their letters sufficiently prove that their *hearts* are in the right place. And with these we close this present month's article on the Interests of our Lord's Sacred Heart.

LETTER FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

*From the Superior of the Jesuit Missions in Australia to
Father Edward Murphy.*

Richmond [Melbourne], August 11, 1884.

MY dear Father,—Please read the enclosed letter concerning the Apostleship of Prayer, and do all you can to propagate it. You may put yourself in communication with the good Father, and tell him, in answer to his letter, that I have given you leave to do all you can in propagating that great devotion ; especially in places

where there is no one appointed for that good work. *There is no work so useful as the Holy League, to promote the interests of the Heart of Jesus.*

Yours, my dear Father Murphy,
Most affectionately in the Sacred Heart of Jesus,
A. STURZO, S.J.

St. Ignatius' Church,
Richmond, Melbourne.

My dear Father,—Father Sturzo, our Superior, forwarded your letter to me in Goulburn, where I was giving a mission; and I now inclose his reply. You know I was Central Director for Ireland, appointed by Father Ramière, with the approval of all the Bishops of Ireland, till I came here, when I resigned my diploma into the hands of Father Russell. Even then, I wrote to dear Father Ramière how willingly I would do my utmost to carry on the same beloved work in my new field of labour. Father Ramière's death prevented me from hearing anything further about it until now; but I cannot tell you how happy I was to see your letter, and the devoted interest you take in *the great work*. Ah, if I did all I could to forward it—and as a missionary I had a good opportunity—well, am I not still a missionary, and *with a still wider field* for the propagation of the great League of the Sacred Heart? I preached it here in the Cathedral on Sunday last, and I will, please God, preach it next Sunday again. I am going to Tasmania, and I hope to spread the great devotion there. If there were ever time or place for the Apostleship of Prayer to come to the help of souls, that time is now, and that place is here, where the enemies of the Church are rampant, and the army of Antichrist is in array; where Freemasons and freethinkers and every class of heretics and blasphemers are combining together and rising up against Christ and against His Church. Write then, my

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dear Father, to Père Régault, and send me the powers necessary for the establishment of the Holy League in these regions : and I am ready, believe me, to do all in my power for the greater glory of God and the interests of the Heart of Jesus Christ. Hoping for a share in the prayers of all our members for me and for my work, I remain,

Most faithfully yours in the Sacred Heart of Jesus,
E. MURPHY, S.J.

OTHER LETTERS ON THE INTERESTS OF OUR LORD.

OUR next communication comes from one whom the world, if the world should ever read the *Messenger*, would scarcely reckon of high authority. It is from one of those who, after being cast off and trodden down by that same world, find out the true joy and peace which penance alone can give, in one of the blessed houses of the Good Shepherd. It is not, however, addressed to ourselves, and was certainly not intended for publication.

“And now I must tell you about the Apostleship of Prayer, which we are all enrolled in. It is the Holy League of the Sacred Heart ; and every month we all write our intentions, and every day those intentions are prayed for by thousands of people. We all write [them] on separate pieces of paper, and they are all put into a little box ; and on the first Friday of the month they are put under the altar, and then on the eleventh of the month they are sent away, and then they are put in the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, and then, again, Mass is offered for our intention ; and really we have got such lots of things through the Apostleship of Prayer ! The house is improving wonderfully, and all owing to this. We had to go to Communion the day we were enrolled,

and offer it up for that intention, and then we received a paper with our name signed on, and then every morning we make the offering of all our prayers, works, and crosses. Mother says it, and we say it after her in the church after Mass. It is this that we say: 'O Jesus, through the most pure heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart!' And this is all that is necessary, to be in the Apostleship of Prayer."

The following contains a valuable suggestion :

"My good Father,—In my visit this morning to the Blessed Sacrament, I had a distraction which I resolved to confess to you. It was something like this: How many, many souls would obtain the grace of a good death (according to our Lord's promise), if the Novena of Communions on the first Friday in each month was every year made in Colleges and Convent Schools, and so secure in early life a precious grace for the end of it.

"Perhaps I should be ashamed to suggest this thought, if I did not know you, my good Father, and know, too, how full your heart is of love for His."

A priest writes to us: "The *Messenger* will, I trust find its way into the homes of many of our people. For my part, I will do my very best to promote its circulation.

"You will be glad to hear that the League members are increasing steadily. I am sorry that I did not establish it earlier. It is doing great good."

"Rev. Father Anderdon,—We listened to your request on Sunday night, and we hope and pray this undertaking may flourish and spread even as the mustard seed. We will try to get others to subscribe as soon as we get the book to show them. We (my husband and self) beg to remain, very respectfully yours,

—."

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

THE night was calm and serene. Our carriage was passing over a bridge, when I saw the horse backing. I jumped out, and saw the danger : "Mother, Mother ! jump out !" I cried. She tried to do it, but it was too late. Carriage, horse, and Mother all disappeared down the precipice, and I was alone on the bridge. I uttered : "Mercy, O my Jesus in the Eucharist ! Come—save Mother !"

Then I scrambled down, I found the horse on his back, the carriage overturned, and between the wheels and horse's feet our Mother's head. She said she was not dead, and told me to seek for help. I ran forward and cried aloud, how long the time seemed ! for a single movement of the horse would have killed her.

Help came at last. It was the first Friday of the month. God spared our Community the loss of our Mother. No one could understand how she escaped. "Oh, what a refuge we have in Jesus in the Tabernacle !"

Our Mother says that I said to the first who came after hearing my cry : "Our Lord in the Eucharist will save our Mother" (From *Life of an Apostolic Woman*).

In 1789, at the taking of the celebrated French Prison called the Bastille, in Paris, the mob were about to rush into the Church of St. Lazare,¹ to profane it. A lay-brother met them on the threshold. "You will have to pass over my body," he said, "before you enter this holy place to profane it."

His attitude so impressed these men, that they actually fetched a priest who lived near, to remove the Blessed Sacrament ; and then walked in two ranks, protecting the Divine Host, till It reached the Franciscan Church.

¹ This was the church occupied by the Fathers of the Congregation of St. Vincent of Paul.



GENERAL INTENTION FOR FEBRUARY.

Catholic Missions.

THE first pages of our present number are devoted to an interview with our Holy Father Leo XIII., at which the importance of the *Monthly General Intention* was fully recognized by His Holiness. It was there mentioned that the Apostleship is, by the Pope's gracious appointment, placed under the special protection of Cardinal Simeoni, the Prefect of the College *De Propaganda Fide*, a College whose work it is "to promote the faith," where the faith hardly exists, if at all.

Our Associates should remember that the Apostleship, when it was instituted by the Holy See in 1866, was declared to be a work "in aid of the Propagation of the Faith." Otherwise, our minds might become so occupied with objects nearer home, that demand our prayers, as to make us almost forget the poor heathen. We have prayed throughout January, that writers may be raised up to defend and advance the truth ; but not one of their pens can touch the heathen. The Holy Father enforces on the Associates both to pray and to work against the insidious evils of Freemasonry. But what has the poor savage in the centre of Africa to do with secret societies ? He has plenty of evils assailing him, without that one.

In how pitiable, how dreadful a condition are vast multitudes of our fellow-men and women living at this day ! We have heathenism enough in our large towns : but it is heathenism visibly within the reach of grace. Take a wider range of thought, and look at the swarms

who inhabit the dark places of the earth. There they are, not by hundreds of thousands nor by millions only, but in numbers which it is terrible to record on paper. The inhabitants of this earth are reckoned at more than a thousand millions. Out of these, only four hundred millions recognize the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour! And this number, four out of ten, we have to halve again: for nearly half of them, alas! are in heresy and schism. So that, of all the immortal souls that are hurrying into eternity, one of whom, at least, passes away at each tick of the clock, only about two in ten are in that ark of salvation which our Lord designed to make universal! Well might His Divine Heart cry out, as in pangs: "I am come to cast fire upon the earth; and what will I, but that it be kindled?"

Now, the true Church is always a missionary Church; and all pretenders to that title are convicted of falsehood by the absence of the missionary character, or by their mode of conducting their so-called missions. The Greeks, for example, who are separated from the Holy See, may be said to have no missions at all. When they cut themselves off from the centre of Christianity, their life died down; it stagnated and grew corrupt, even as the life-blood ceases to flow from the heart into the arteries of a limb that has been amputated. The Russians certainly have a zeal to compel men into their "holy orthodox" schism; but the Emperor is the Chief Missioner there, and enforces his zealous efforts by the gospel of the bayonet. If we look nearer home, we may indeed be astonished at the sums expended by Protestant missionary societies. But a second glance, not at the money, but at the men (and their wives, children, and nurses) sent out by the deluded subscribers, compels us to feel that English Protestantism is not very apostolic. Those emissaries certainly do not go forth without purse, or scrip, or shoes. When the writer of these few lines was

staying at the English Embassy at Constantinople, some years ago, Bishop Alexander, a converted Jew, had just arrived in those parts on his way to the schismatic diocese of Jerusalem, into which he had been thrust by the (then) King of Prussia and the English Government. There was no small talk about his family arrangements and bags and baggage; and especial interest, without a corresponding degree of respect, was excited by a "grand piano" which was unshipped at Jaffa (Joppa) from the *Devastation* war-steamer that had brought him, and Mrs. Alexander, and all the little Alexanders, to their destination.

Meanwhile, the Catholic missionary goes forth, with his psalter and crucifix; "taking nothing from the Gentiles," and very little even from the faithful; happy, if he can at least save some; happier still, if they who will not be converted send him to Heaven by shedding his blood. He has to learn a strange language, and to accommodate himself to strange ways. His North American converts present him, as a delicate repast, a portion of dog in a state of putrefaction;¹ and he dines on it, as best he may, not to offend their well-meant hospitality. He has renounced all home affections, and intercourse with Christian friends; he seeks in the poor savage his "joy and crown in the Lord." Shall we not aid him in his work, shall we not share it, by our best intercessions? Shall not this present February stand in the records of eternity as a time when far-off missions received an impulse from the faith and zeal of Associates whom our Lord called to remain at home?

¹ As was frequently the case with Father De Smet, in his apostolate among the red Indians.



INTENTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

1. SUN. *Septuagesima*.—Love of sufferings; 1,003,679 children.
2. MON. THE PURIFICATION B.V.M. The virtue of obedience; 902,568 young persons.
3. TUES. *S. Lawrence, B.C., Archbishop of Canterbury*.—(*S. J., S. Peter's Chair at Rome*. Jan. 18.)—The virtue of confidence; 351,518 persons in affliction.
4. WED. *S. Andrew Corsini, B.C.*—Contempt of the world; 865,432 fathers and mothers; our Directors and Promoters departed.
5. THURS. *S. Agatha, V.M.*—(*S. J., JAPANESE MARTYRS S.J.*)—The virtue of purity; 37,274 promoters.
6. FRI. THE PRAYER OF OUR LORD IN THE GARDEN.—FIRST FRIDAY OF THE MONTH.—Willing docility; 40,386 ecclesiastics.
7. SAT. *S. Romuald, Ab. C.*—The spirit of recollection; 128,251 dead.
8. SUN. *Sexagesima*.—GENERAL COMMUNION OF ATONEMENT.—The love of our neighbours; 567,174 spiritual works.
9. MON. *S. Cyril of Alexandria, B.C.D.*—(*S. J., S. Titus, B.C.* 6th.)—The virtue of humility; the departed members of the Apostleship.
10. TUES. *S. Scholastica, V.*—The spirit of emulation for doing good; 10,825 communities.
11. WED. *S. Gilbert of Sempringham, C.*—(*S. J., B. John de Britto S. J., M.*)—Zeal for the salvation of souls; 984,981 sinners.
12. THURS. *S. Benedict Biscop, Ab. C.*—(*S. J., S. Cyril of Alexandria, B.C.D.* 9th.)—Hatred of sin; 991,686 spiritual favours.
13. FRI. THE PASSION OF OUR LORD.—The spirit of mortification; 141,426 graces of perseverance.
14. SAT. *S. Peter's Chair at Rome*. Jan. 18.—(*S. J., Commemoration of the Immaculate Conception B.V.M.*)—Love for works of mercy; 245,613 graces to live in union.
15. SUN. *Quinquagesima*.—Christian courage; 126,856 vocations.
16. MON. *Feria*.—(*S. J., Office of S. Ignatius*.)—Confidence in Divine Providence; 93,928 religious men and women.
17. TUES. *Feria*.—(*S. J., Office of S. Francis Xavier*.)—Devotion to the Seven Dolours B.V.M.; 678,566 temporal favours.
18. WED. ASH WEDNESDAY.—Christian strength; 240,374 heretics and schismatics.
19. THURS. *Feria*.—(*S. J., Office of the Blessed Sacrament*.)—Grace to think of the Passion of our Lord; 46,219 seminarists and novices.
20. FRI. THE CROWN OF THORNS.—Resignation in trials; 643,455 missions and retreats.
21. SAT. *Feria*.—(*S. J., B. Didacus Carvalho S. J., M.*)—Reverence due to ecclesiastical authorities; 120,956 colleges and schools.
22. SUN. *First of Lent*.—The spirit of penance; 433,251 parishes.
23. MON. *Vigil*.—*S. Peter Damian, B.C.D.*—Active zeal in the service of God; 10,072 superiors.
24. TUES. *S. Matthias, Ap.*—Horror of worldly pleasures; 12,701 Christian congregations.
25. WED. *Ember-day*.—*Fast*.—*S. Peter's Chair at Antioch (22nd)*.—The spirit of mortification; 421,226 families.
26. THURS. *S. Ethelbert, King of Kent*.—(*S. J., Office of the Blessed Sacrament*.)—Self-denial; 767,814 sick persons.
27. FRI. *Ember-day*.—*Fast*.—THE LANCE AND NAILS.—Final perseverance; 656,178 First Communions.
28. SAT. *Ember-day*.—*Fast*.—*Feria*.—(*S. J., Commemoration of the Immaculate Conception B.V.M.*)—The virtue of gentleness; 4,706,168 special intentions, and 232,456 acts of thanksgiving.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart.

Especially, to obtain from Thy merciful Heart, purit zeal, and humble perseverance for all Thy Church's missioners among the heathen and misbelievers, that they may be one fold under Thee, O Thou Good Shepherd of the sheep. Amen.

"I will bless every place where a picture of My Heart shall be set up and honoured" (*Words of our Lord to the Blessed Margaret Mary*).

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All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Office of the Apostleship of Prayer, 48, South Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W. Cheques and Post Office Orders to be made payable to M. Ainsworth.

THE
MESSENGER
OF THE
SACRED HEART.

ORGAN OF THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.



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1885.

APPROBATION AND BLESSING OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.

IMPRIMATUR. ✠ JOANNES,

EPISCOPUS SOUTHWARCENSIS.

Die 16 Augusti, 1885.

“We cordially bless the New Series of
“the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for the
“use of the Poor, and wish it a wide circu-
“lation and every success.

“✠ JOHN, BP. OF SOUTHWARK.”

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MANLY LOVERS.

SINCE the days when the great Archangel announced to our Blessed Lady the Incarnation of the Son of God, and when our Lord foretold to us the gift of His Body and Blood to men, no revelation by which Almighty God has been pleased to enlighten His Church can be compared in importance to the revelation of the Sacred Heart. It is indisputably the brightest light which has shone upon the world since the days of Pentecost. The Blessed Margaret Mary went so far as to declare that the Heart of Jesus would be in the Church "as a new Mediator ;" that is to say, that as we cannot reach the Father except through the Divine Son made Man, so also we should not henceforth be able to reach the Son except by appealing to the infinite love of His Divine Heart. This was God's first design : His object was to dissipate the clouds and coldness which had gathered in such icy barriers between us and the love of the God-Man, and light up again in His Church the fire of generosity and self-sacrifice.

Let then those who would indeed be Apostles of the Sacred Heart recognize the grandeur of the undertaking, and the place it holds in the interests of God's glory. *It is through the devotion to the Sacred Heart that the world must be regenerated.* It is a work of no less magnitude than the regeneration of the world, that the League of the Sacred Heart embraces. Is it then surprising if it is opposed by the accumulated powers of Hell? if it has to wrestle with and overcome the most

obdurate selfishness of men, and with an enemy, perhaps harder still to cope with—their indifference?

Let us also then ask those who would claim for themselves a place in this Apostleship, to frankly put to themselves this question: How far do they correspond to the touching petition which our Lord addresses to them, by nourishing this sacred fire in the hearts *of the devout* alone? How long will they rest satisfied with the fruits of an unlaborious apostolate, which finds the limits of its zealous efforts in the women and girls whose hearts are already full of piety and love?

Is it true, is it fair, to regard the regeneration of the world as women's work? When will the *men* of congregations be told unmistakeably that the revelation of Christ's love is a thing of practical concern for *them*? that the work of spreading devotion to the Heart of the *Man* who died for *their* love cannot without shame be any longer left to others? that the Promoter's cross should hang upon the breasts of *men*, and that *men* should earn it by their zeal!

Thank God, it is not with us, as too surely it is in other lands, that men will not listen; nor that they are slow to respond to the appeals which are made to *them*. Courageous self-sacrificing apostles are found, and found in plenty, for any cause which has God's glory for its object. It may well be our boast, that those who are highest in the social scale are also in the fore-front of these good works, and the poor are ever ready to rival them in their devotedness. If these warm hearts were but led to the Heart which is aching for their personal intimacy; if the work of these generous hands were but offered as He asks, to His Heart; would their fruit be less precious for the cause they serve?

So, too, in the schools. How many thousands of Associates are to be counted among the girls! How dear to the Sacred Heart the uncounted little offerings

which are made to It, the little and often *not little* pains and humiliations which are silently given to the Heart which never forgets ! But *where are the boys ?* Have not they also hearts, for whose love Christ's Heart is yearning ? Are not they as capable of generosity and patience and devotedness ? St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus, with their hearts on fire like seraphs ! these were not girls. St. Pancras, of whom Cardinal Wiseman writes so sweetly in *Fabiola*, was fourteen when he gave his blood so eagerly for his Divine Master's sake. The little Ignatius, the child-martyr of Nangasachi, was only half that age when, clad by his mother as for a festival, in his gayest attire, he so cheerfully accompanied her to death. Kneeling to ask the Blessed Father Spinola's blessing, he calmly looked on while three of the martyrs successively yielded up their lives, and, lastly, while his own dearly-loved mother's head fell under the sword ; then baring his neck, without tear or tremor, the child bowed down his head to receive the stroke. Certainly, boys can love Jesus Christ truly and generously, and can well understand the value He sets on the offering which the League asks of them, of the prayers, the labour, and the sufferings of the day.

Nor do we forget those few but dearly-prized affiliations where the Directors lay themselves out with especial zeal and patience to nourish the devotion in boys' hearts, with such truly consoling results ; those Seminaries, which remind us of the primitive days of the Apostleship, while still under Father Gautrelet's own loving breath, the germ of the great work was being warmed to life among the students at Vals, while, as yet, no thought of its great message to the world had been given to the heart of man to conceive. The Apostleship of Prayer has grown indeed since then, as works can only grow when the Divine hand blesses them. Still, it must be owned, and cannot be owned without pain, that *in its own peculiar*

and most especial work, that of lighting up the zeal of personal love for the interests of Jesus Christ in the world in the hearts of boys at college and at school, the great fruits of the League of the Sacred Heart must still be waited for. And this is true; whether their careers are to be sought amongst the children of the world, or amongst the consecrated militia of the Church.

Boys' hearts are too seldom trained, and too much left to give their first affections to mere material joys, when but a timely word would suffice to lift their young enthusiasm to the thought of holier things. Yet is not this a great and an irreparable loss, which the Sacred Heart mourns; and therefore a subject for our own perpetual regret, if our own love be true? It must be a sad shyness, indeed, that allows to perish on our lips the fervent words which with God's blessing would set chords of human hearts vibrating in response to those noble, unselfish thoughts which childhood loves. Before the world has set its foul mark upon the heart, or clouded over the first high appreciation of a mind rich with Catholic truth, if we did but secure for the Heart of Jesus Christ its first pure impulse of personal love, we could rear a man whose dominant thought should ever be *self-sacrifice for Him Who loves me*. A man's heart won! is there in all the world a holocaust so precious or so fruitful in the eyes of God, so worthy a prize to fight for?

WHAT THINGS A MAN SHALL SOW.¹



AIN is the seed of Happiness.

Sorrow is the seed of Joy.

Shame is the seed of Glory.

Death is the seed of Life.

¹ Gal. vi. 8.



DEEDS.

DEEDS sometimes speak more to the heart than the most eloquent sermons ; and we will tell our readers one which happened in the life of a Jesuit who died not long ago in Paris, Father Milleriot.

In a household of freethinkers, who boasted that they were atheists, a poor woman lay dying. The repeated efforts of some good people who were interested in her to obtain admittance for a priest proved unavailing, until, as in many another extreme case, application was made to Father Milleriot, in the hope that he would find some means for succeeding where every one else had failed.

He went at once to the house. When the door was opened in answer to his knock, he entered, but was insultingly ordered to quit without delay. Instead of doing so, however, he began to mount the stairs to go to the sick room, when the men who barred the passage threw him down, and kicked him with great violence. When they left off, he rose as well as he could (he was then about seventy years old), and stood considering for a moment, and, as he said, rubbing his bruised sides. His assailants, above him on the stairs, stood, with doubled fists and threatening gestures, uttering all the blasphemies and insults they could think of. The Father, bent on the salvation of a soul, looked calmly at them, and began again to ascend the stairs. "My friends," he said, with a smile, "this is only what I deserve ; but don't let us lose time,—there is a poor soul wanting to be saved !"

APPROBATION AND BLESSING OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.

IMPRIMATUR. ✠ ROBERTUS, C.S.S.R.,
EPISCOPUS SOUTHWARCENSIS.

Die 22 Decembris, 1884.

"We cordially bless the New Series of
"the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for the
"use of the Poor, and wish it a wide circu-
"lation and every success."

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NOTICE

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The threatening voices ceased, the raised arms fell, and the men, like cowed wild beasts, made way for the servant of God to pass.

After tranquilly preparing the dying woman to receive the last sacraments, he returned to converse with the men who had so roughly treated him, and to this visit was owing the conversion of several members of that family who had been notorious for their impiety.

On another occasion, word was brought him that a man lying in danger of death, had already driven away two priests, and threatened to knock down the next who dared to present himself. A case like this was most attractive to Father Milleriot, and he went at once to the address given. As he entered the room, the sick man, furious at the sight of a cassock, raised himself as much as his strength allowed, seized a stick, and ordered the priest out unless he wanted a thrashing.

"My poor dear sir," said the Father compassionately, as he went to the bedside, "I see you are suffering very much. This cruel fever is devouring you. It might relieve you to give me a few strokes with your stick. If so, don't be afraid—hit as hard as you like!" So saying, he turned and presented his shoulders well within range of the sword-arm. The man, dumb with astonishment, dropped the stick. More than this, touched and softened, he was not long before he made a good confession, and died in the grace of God.

HOW TO DO.



EMO plus agit quam qui unum agit.

No one does more than he who does one thing well.

St. Ignatius of Loyola.



FROM AFAR!

IT was not from a foreign land,
Across the tossing seas,
O'er icy peaks or burning sand,
That came my Love to me.
But could I find in all the skies
The faintest, farthest star,
He came to make me only His,
A thousand times as far.
He wore no robe of glory bright,
To make me all His own ;
He hid His majesty and might,
And showed His love alone.
To woo her infant's longed-for smile
A mother childish seems ;
And He—Great God—as infantile,
Smiles on a sinner beams !
He pleaded not with stores of gold,
Nor gems of purest ray,
But gently did the robe unfold
That o'er His bosom lay ;
And lo ! a thorn-crown'd Heart was there,
Bath'd in a soft, bright flame ;
Writ, as in rubies, on It were
The letters of my name.
Then life for life, and blood for blood,
And heart for heart be His !
My hope, my joy, my only good,
The promise of my bliss,
Far, far beyond the stars, where He
Went, to prepare my throne,
A throne of golden light for me—
May it be near His own !



LETTER FROM THE IRISH CENTRAL DIRECTOR.

DEAR MESSENGER,—Some of the Irish Promoters of our beloved devotion have lately put me in mind of one of the antiphons in the beautiful Office of St. Lucy, on the 14th of December : “ Why, O Virgin Lucy, why do you ask *me* for what you yourself can do at once ? ” This is what St. Agatha says to St. Lucy when the latter, still a mortal maiden on earth, entreats a miraculous favour at the hands of the Saint. Lists of candidates for enrolment in the Apostleship of Prayer have come from convents which were long since duly appointed centres of the devotion, with power to enrol all who wish. Lest affiliated communities should thus forget their privileges, it is very desirable that the Diploma of Affiliation should be framed and hung up in a suitable place.

From the latest of our Irish affiliations, the Workhouse Hospital of the Marble City of St. Canice, the zealous Director sends this edifying report :

“ The Diploma of Affiliation reached in time to have the poor people enrolled in the Association of the Apostleship on the feast of the Sacred Heart. As soon as they came to understand its nature and object, it was taken up by them with great enthusiasm. Every one, without exception, showed an anxious desire to become a member of the Holy League. A few priests kindly gave their assistance in hearing confessions on the eve of the feast of the Sacred Heart, and on the following morning all approached Holy Communion. In the evening there was Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament ; when the

tickets of membership were distributed. We are indebted to the kindness and generosity of a friend, whose name we are reluctantly obliged to keep secret, for a large consignment of badges. These were distributed at the general meeting held on the first Sunday of the month; and, judging from the joy and happiness manifested on every one's countenance, it would seem that no earthly gift that could be conferred would be at all so grateful or so highly appreciated.

"As the number of inmates is considerable, an arrangement has been come to whereby the women approach Holy Communion on the first Friday of the month, and the men on the following Sunday.

"It is astonishing how quickly the children committed to memory the morning offering, which is now recited by all every morning. Whatever else is left behind, the morning offering is said without fail."

One night, a few years ago, I was keeping watch beside the coffin of a relative whose body was to be laid the next day in an old Irish graveyard. It was in these circumstances that I chanced to notice a little prayer written in one of her books, by the holy young creature who was then already judged. Whether the simple words were her own, or whether she merely made her own of them, I do not know, but I copied them at the moment as "Martha's Last Prayer:" "Lord, take from me all that keepeth me from Thee. Lord, give me all that helpeth me to Thee. Lord, take me from myself, and grant me to belong alone to Thee." With this aspiration of an unknown soul, let me join the words that sprang from the naturally devout soul of one whom the grace of faith would have exalted immensely, even as a man. Here is Dr. Samuel Johnson's ejaculation imploring diligence: "O Lord, make me remember that the night cometh when no man can work." To fix in even one soul a holy word that may spring to the lips unbidden in

vacant moments, or in moments not vacant, but full of peril—this would be so blessed a thing, that I crave space for one other little prayer of this sort, more appropriate to these pages. Some pious hand, not a printer's, has traced it in black and red under a tiny photograph of the Sacred Heart. The transcriber names no author for the prayer. "One only grace I ask, dear Lord—that I may die loving Thee with the same love with which Thy Sacred Heart loved me in Its last sigh." This runs spontaneously into something like verse, which may help some one's memory :

One only grace I ask, dear Lord,
That I at last may die
With love for Thee within my heart
Like that wherewith Thy Sacred Heart
Loved ~~me~~ in Its last sigh.

The "Anonymous Grace" described in your June number, at p. 174, is the counterpart of a miracle narrated with her accustomed skill and grace by Miss Kathleen O'Meara in one of her edifying volumes. In the case of "Aline" the miracle consists, not in the granting of the recovery sought for with intense eagerness, but in the marvellous contentment infused suddenly into the sufferer. This safe sort of miracle is of frequent occurrence, and it belongs specially to the Apostleship of Prayer. How often this miraculous cure must be wrought in the grotto of Lourdes !

The name of that shrine of predilection reminds me of a little Irish child who lately went all the way to make her First Communion there. Out of devotion to Our Lady of Lourdes, her pious parents gave her the name of Bernadette ; and to our Lady's special care they attribute the preservation of their little girl's life through the perils of a fragile infancy. And so they bore her, in her tenth year, to the beloved sanctuary, and there, on the feast of Corpus Christi, Bernadette H—— was for

the first time admitted to the Eucharistic banquet. Faith is nourished and exercised by such distant pilgrimages, when one's circumstances allow them. But, without going so far, we may prove our faith and love. And here at home, on that very same morning, another Irish child made his First Communion with dispositions which must have been very perfect, for they led on at once—with no warning at the time that the First Communion was almost to be the last—led on to one of the happiest of the many happy death-beds that it has been my happiness to kneel beside. All the savings of his short lifetime he bequeathed to the Holy Childhood. As the young lips have only just uttered this last cry, "O Jesus, take me!" I am venturing to mention to your younger readers the blessed death of their little brother, John Joseph Aloysius.


Yours ever *in Sanctissimo Corde*,
MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

LOVE OF ENJOYMENT.

IN the thirty-seventh chapter of her Life, St. Teresa speaks thus: "I would not lose through any fault of mine the least degree of greater enjoyment in Heaven. I even go so far as to declare that, if the choice were offered to me, whether I would rather remain subject to all the afflictions of the world even to the end of it, and then, by that means, ascend to the possession of a little more glory in Heaven; or else, without any affliction at all, enjoy a little less glory; I would most willingly accept all the troubles and afflictions for a little more enjoyment, that so I might understand a little more of the greatness of God, because I see that he who understands more of God, loves Him and praises Him so much the more." Such is the ambition of the saints.



THE CRYPT OF ST. DENIS.

NE Sunday morning, about forty years ago, a venerable priest was addressing a crowded congregation in the ancient church of St. Denis, which stands at a short distance outside the walls of Paris, on the spot where the Apostle of France was martyred.

Speaking of a religious education, and of its need for all, he said that it ought to be begun on the mother's knee, so that the thought of God should be interwoven with the child's very being. Then, even if in after-life he went astray, perhaps some unlooked-for sight or sound might recal the memories of a Christian childhood, might sweetly compel him back into the path that leads to eternal life.

Towards the close of his discourse the preacher said, looking round upon his younger hearers: "And now, dear children, I wish to speak more especially to *you*; and that, when you grow up, you may remember what I have been saying, I will tell you a story."

It was a very hot day; and the heads of not a few of the children, to say nothing of their elders, were beginning to sway drowsily to right or left, where they did not come to downright nodding; but these words acted like magic. A story is always an attraction. In a moment the sleepest were all attention.

"You see this noble church," said the preacher, "which has well-nigh recovered its ancient stateliness and grandeur. Well: I remember evil days, when it was a desolate scene of havoc and desecration. The altars were de-

molished, the paintings torn to shreds. The statues of the saints and the carved work of the choir were all broken with axes and hammers ; the magnificent windows shivered to atoms, wind and storm were driving in through their shattered mullions ; the tombs of the Kings broken open, and their bones ruthlessly strewn about the pavement. When the wretched men who wrought this havoc were weary of destroying, they carried off all they thought valuable, and left the royal sanctuary a ruin.

“One evening, a young man, higher up in the world than most of the revolutionary mob, and whose fault in belonging to it had therefore less excuse, approached the desolate pile. He wore the red cap, the badge of the revolutionists, of whom he was an officer, and his object in coming was to hunt out any priests who might be concealed in the precincts of the ancient abbey. He entered, and stood for a few moments gazing in proud unconcern at the scene of worse than heathen sacrilege around him. Then he made his way through the fragments of broken tombs and wood-work that lay scattered about the floor, and over which he stumbled in the twilight. He mounted the steps of the high altar ; then, going behind it, stood still to listen. A subdued murmur of voices reached his ear. He listened more intently, to catch the direction. It seemed to come from the royal vaults, almost beneath his feet. Descending cautiously the stone steps leading to them, he found the massive iron gate ajar. Groping his way along the narrow passage, he perceived a feeble glimmer of light from within. He crept noiselessly along, and reached the low entrance to the vault from which the sound proceeded. Concealing himself in a deep shadow, he could notice, unobserved, the scene before him. By the light of a solitary candle, stuck into a bullet-hole through a coffin-lid, and which seemed only to make the darkness visible, he saw a tall, aged priest, whose long white hair showed like a glory

round his head. He was surrounded by a number of children, whom he had been catechizing; and was now concluding his instructions by a short address.

"The intruder, instead of carrying out the purpose for which he came, stood rooted to the spot. For years he had not entered a church to worship, nor seen a priest, except a priest on his way to the guillotine. The sight of these 'Children of the Catechism' brought a flood of long-lost memories to his mind. He thought of his happy childhood, of his devout mother, who had taught him to pray, and who, on her death-bed, had commended her boy to the care of Mary Immaculate, his Mother in Heaven. He seemed to see again the parish priest of his village, to whom he had gone with other children to be catechized on the Sunday afternoons, and who, after Vespers, had often gathered for him a ripe peach or a bunch of grapes from the garden of the little presbytery, before his walk home to the château on the hill. All this, and much beside, came vividly before him, as he stood in that dark vault.

"'I may as well hear what the old man is talking about,' he thought, by way of apology to himself for not at once seizing the defenceless priest. 'Very possibly I may hear some treason against the Republic: this will justify decided action on my part.'

"And so he listened to the final words: 'Yes; blessed are you, my children, when men shall revile and hate and persecute you, and speak evil of you falsely, for the sake of Him Who was persecuted, even to the death of the Cross, for love of you! And, tell me, what must be your revenge?'

"'We must pray for our persecutors, Father.'

"'What! even for those who have made this holy temple of God a ruin?'

"'Yes, Father; that they may be sorry, and make amends, and be forgiven.'

“Right, my children! Kneel down, then, and let us pray for them, and for all.”

“The children knelt round the white-haired priest. A mother joined the tiny hands of the little one in her arms, that it, too, might have its part in the prayer. The young officer, in his dark corner, sank on his knees, in spite of himself, while tears he could not restrain dropped on the pavement.

“The prayer ended, and the last sign of the Cross made, he rose, and advanced into the vault; then, passing through the ranks of the half-frightened children, he knelt at the feet of the old priest.

“‘Father!’ he said earnestly and humbly, ‘you have prayed for your persecutors. In one case, at least, your prayer is heard. I came here to arrest you, but I now declare that I would rather die than harm a hair of your head. Help me, a persecutor, to make my peace with God, and all the reparation in my power.’”

“For a moment the aged priest was silent with wonder and joy. Then, with outstretched arms, and upward gaze, as if his sight pierced through the dark vault to highest heaven, he exclaimed: ‘O Sacred Heart! O tender and compassionate Heart of Jesus! And art Thou so easily touched by a breath of prayer,—the prayer of a few poor innocents? Thee, Sacred Heart, we bless and we adore; O make us bless and love Thee more and more!’”

Here the preacher of St. Denis paused in his narrative, overcome by emotion. After a few moments, he continued: “And now, dear children, would you like to know what became of that young man? The grace of God that made him a penitent, made him, in due time, a priest; and it is he who, from this pulpit, is now speaking to you.”



PILGRIM SONG.

FIVE-AND-THIRTY years ago, the following lines were forced, as it were, with a cry of pain, out of a soul entangled in the meshes of heresy, seeing the path of safety afar off, as a probable release, yet without a fully formed faith to begin to tread it. Happily, the doubtfulness and darkness were not of long continuance. The priest has been able, for more than a generation of time, to make his daily thanksgiving at the altar for having been brought to the consummation of his former dim hopes, the end of his struggle and pain, to the "full assurance of faith."

ON our rude path chill evening lowers ;
Her shades a toilsome march portend
Well-nigh beyond our fainting powers—
But then, the End—the End !

The future track, in outline dim,
Up sterner mountains seems to bend,
Till quail before it eye and limb ;
But then, the End—the End !

Lonesome the road : we can but hear
Sweet voices in the night-wind blend—
Far onward they, while none are near ;
But then, the End—the End !

Dear Lord ! Who didst from changeless bliss
To lead Thy pilgrim-flock descend,
Give us, whate'er beside we miss,
To see that End—that End !



CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN AUSTRALIA.

IF all places in the world, Australia is the place for missions ; for there, more than elsewhere, according to the words of our Lord, "the harvest indeed is great, but the labourers are few."

Here, in Australia, the word "mission" has many meanings.

The district in which a priest is appointed by the bishop to minister to the spiritual wants of the people, is called a "mission." It is of all sizes, according as the Catholic population are either thinly scattered over a large district, as in country and "bush missions," or grouped together in cities. They vary in size, from that of an ordinary parish in the old country, to an area of two hundred by three hundred miles.

Sometimes the priest will take two or three days on a sick call ; his journey lying through a wild and desolate waste, with scarcely a path to mark his way. Occasionally, he has to "camp out," that is to remain all night under the canopy of heaven till the morning again lights up his path. On one of my bush missions, when travelling from one little town to another about one hundred and fifty miles distant, we had to pass through a dense forest ; and there, as darkness had set in, we lost our way. We strayed about till near eleven o'clock, when the good priest, who accompanied me, exclaimed in a rather desponding tone : "Pray, for God's sake, and pray hard : or we shall have to 'camp out,' and the place is full of snakes !" And *we did pray* hard to the most

Blessed Virgin "the guide of the wanderer here below." We had scarcely finished our prayer, when a voice issued from a dense thicket of underwood that lay almost in our path: "Whoever you are," this voice said, "you are going right into the river!" We saw no one; it may have been a "snag-man," or it may have been an angel; but, snag-man or angel, we took his advice, and turning to the right, arrived safely at the township by midnight.

The second meaning of "mission," of course, is that special course of spiritual exercises given in a parish by missionaries, in order to rouse the people to a more fervent practice of their holy religion. These missions, when given in the towns, are comparatively easy work; that is, if we can call it easy to preach three times a day, and hear confessions up to half-past eleven at night. But if, in addition to this, the missionary has to travel from one wooden chapel to another, through the bush, with the prospect of having to "camp out," it adds another feature to his Apostolic toils. The great consolations, however, which he receives from seeing the good that is done, abundantly compensate him. On one of these bush missions, in the neighbourhood of a native encampment, a black woman brought her little dead child to the missionary, and said, "Father, the Great Budgery took away my child; will you bring him back, and I will become a Christian." "Well;" said the missionary, "if you become a Christian, and get well instructed in the Catholic faith, you will see that your child will come back." The woman and her husband and the rest of her children were all instructed and baptized, and then she understood that her child would indeed come back "in the resurrection of the body," and it consoled her and repaid her a thousand fold.

But there are white pagans as well as black, who are converted sometimes in hundreds, and often needing to be baptized. Many, again, who were once obstinate

heretics, are received into the Church during these missions of mercy. If we had but the labourers able and willing to work in these foreign fields of God, white with the harvest, gleaming with golden grain for the granary of Heaven !

There is still another meaning of the word "mission." It is the Mission of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, carried on through the Apostleship of Prayer, which is spread through the length and breadth of the land by these Catholic missions. This blessed Apostleship is aided by the zeal and energy of faithful Promoters, eager to share in the wondrous promises which the Heart of Love has made to those who thus labour for Its sake.

These promises are :

1. I will give them all the graces necessary in their state of life.
2. I will establish peace in their houses.
3. I will console them in all their sorrows.
4. I will be their sure refuge during life, and above all, at the hour of death.
5. I will pour abundant blessings on all their undertakings.
6. Sinners shall find in My Heart a source and ocean of misery.
7. Tepid souls shall there become fervent.
8. Fervent souls shall rise thereby to the highest degrees of perfection.
9. I will bless every place where there is a picture of My Heart exposed and venerated.
10. I will give priests who spread this devotion, a special power to move the hardest hearts.
11. All those who propagate this devotion shall have their names written in My Heart, never to be effaced.
12. I promise that, in the excessive mercy of My Heart, My all-powerful love will grant to those who go to Communion on nine consecutive first Fridays of

the month the grace of final perseverance ; they shall not die in My disgrace, nor without receiving their sacraments. My Divine Heart shall be their sure refuge in this last moment.

This "Mission" of the Sacred Heart of Jesus is already gathering in a wondrous harvest of souls. Dear little *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, what a wondrous work is before you, to carry these "glad tidings of great joy," not only into the heart of this great country, but into the heart of every *Christian*, by whatever name he was baptized, and of every pagan, whether black or white, bondman or free. Go on with your "Mission," little *Messenger*, till great Australia is consecrated to the Heart of Jesus, and then, more successful than ever, God prosper you on your way.

With regard to this great public Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart, thank God, our prayers and our sighs have been heard ; for the Spirit of God has inspired the great prelate,¹ who is appointed by the Pope to summon and preside at the Plenary Council of Sydney, to place among the very first of the subjects to be deliberated on by that National Synod: "*Omnes Australienses Diœceses Sacratissimo Cordi Jesu, solemniter dedicandæ : dies anniversaria dedicationis celebranda.*"

That all the dioceses of Australia are to be solemnly consecrated to the most Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the anniversary day of the dedication celebrated.

This is the first great triumph of the Sacred Heart in

¹ Our zealous Father little knew, when writing, how great an honour was reserved by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. for Australia and its first Plenary Council. Long since, the great news has rejoiced the hearts of our dear brothers in the faith at the Antipodes ; and we add our loving word of congratulation to them from all the Associates of the League, and a prayer that his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney may, on his return from Rome, preside over a Council so blessed by God, that an immense increase of devotion to the Sacred Heart may be the result.

this country, the first signal success of the Apostleship of Prayer, and of the "Mission" of the little *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* of Jesus.

EDWARD MURPHY, S.J.,

*Central Director of the Apostleship of Prayer for the
Province of Melbourne and New Zealand.*

Manresa, Hawthorn, Melbourne.

It is with very deep sorrow that we add a portion of a private letter from Father Murphy, which we received together with the above. We ask in a very special way the best prayers of the League for one so entirely devoted to the best interests of the Sacred Heart as our dear Co-Director; one also, whose life and strength are peculiarly important *now*, to the young work, which he is propagating so fervently. He says :

"My dear Father,—I am about to undergo an operation next Friday, and I may not be alive to write an article for the next month's *Messenger*. I *hope* I may get over my present delicate state, and if I do, I will work more than ever for the Sacred Heart."

We have received also a cutting from an Australian paper, which we hope will prove to have been well-informed :

"I regret to have to tell you that the Central Director of the Holy League in Australia, the Rev. E. Murphy, S.J., has had to undergo a painful operation for cancer. The operation has been successful, and the good Father is rapidly recovering from its effects. I sincerely hope that the Sacred Heart will bless him with many years of health to labour for the spread of God's kingdom. By his missionary labours he has done immense good to souls since his arrival in Australia."



HOLY DEATH-BEDS.

TOWARDS the end of our pilgrimage last January, when we carried our little *Messenger* to Lourdes, we stayed (our readers will, perhaps, remember) for a few days with our dear French Fathers, at the head-quarters of the Apostleship in Toulouse.

We there met, in the Superior of the House, a man whom no one could have known without loving him; but, alas! already far advanced in consumption, and during our visit unable, for longer than a brief hour, to leave his bed. God has since called Father Jules Anglade to Himself, and we ask our Associates' prayers for him, as a devoted Promoter of the work, and a most fervent lover of the Sacred Heart.

One who was with him in his last hours writes of him: "On Friday, when I entered his room, I could see that the poor Father was distressed. 'Pray for me very much to-day,' he said; 'the sickness has taken a new turn. It has entered into the *humiliating stage*. I cannot help or assist myself any longer.'

"His words reminded me of what the Venerable Claude de la Colombière says in one of his letters to his Superior: 'I have now to be dressed and undressed like a little child; and I have only one regret about it, which is, that I do not love the humiliation of it as I ought.' As I mentioned this to Father Jules, the features of his poor pale face lighted up with pleasure. 'I had never heard of that,' he said to me; 'how beautiful it is, and how I thank you for telling me.'

"On Sunday, when I came to him, he said, with the sweetest smile: 'Father, the Good Master is calling me!'

I reminded him of the day, the day when our Lord showed His Wounds to St. Thomas. Would He not show to him also the wound of His Sacred Heart, open to receive him? The dying man flushed; lifted his eyes with an inexpressible fervour, as he said: 'Oh, how happy I am! Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!' And thus he died."

Sometimes, *with very strong souls*, God is pleased to make even the last hours, hours of trial. The soul of this brave and gentle Sister of Notre Dame was set free, like St. Stanislaus, on the morning of the Assumption:

"Our dear dying Sister has at last had a peaceful night; without sleep, it is true, but without any trace of the terrible anguish which she has suffered for these last ten days. This morning, she smiled for the first time, as one of the Sisters said cheerfully, that to-day they would *wake up St. Joseph!* It was a smile so sweet and full of trust, that it relieved my heart.

As for the idea of awakening St. Joseph, this is what led to it: again and again, we had tried to reassure our poor sufferer as to her love for the Blessed Virgin, and that certainly our dear Lady would not forget her at this time, nor St. Joseph either; and yesterday, after a most painful crisis, she had said: 'Our Blessed Lady hides from me, and St. Joseph is asleep!'

"Is it not consoling to see the words of the great Saint verified, that Mary is never invoked in vain? The first gleam of light, of confidence, after this protracted desolation, came through Mary. Last night, the dear sufferer lay long in silence, and the Sister who was watching her was talking with me in a low voice, when we heard her say, what we certainly shall never forget: 'May I then trust in the two or three rosaries which I sometimes said on Sundays, now that I cannot say it?'

"I cannot describe to you the happiness these words brought to me in my affliction. A burden was gone from my heart, and I breathed again. To hear that poor

devoted Sister, so long and so painfully tried by such severe interior suffering, speak in this way, was as much as to say : Mary is by her side, and will not leave her ; fear not !

“As it was the first Friday of the month, and the evening recreation hour was passed in the chapel, I could only whisper to some few, to beg them to say some rosaries during the time for my intention ; but you should have seen the faces light up when I told them of the change in our dear invalid’s state !

“There is also, I think, reason to believe that a good many resolutions have been made since then, to say the rosary oftener and better.”

THE OUR FATHER.

A PRAYER THROUGH THE HOLY GHOST.



DIVINE SPIRIT, Who dost give us Thy seven gifts, that we may learn to speak to Thee and to offer Thee these seven petitions : bestow on me the gift of Wisdom, that I may hallow Thy Name : the gift of Understanding, that I may fathom the secrets of Thy Kingdom : the gift of Counsel, that I may be able to do Thy will on earth, as it is done in Heaven : the gift of Knowledge, that I may learn to seek my daily spiritual bread : the gift of Piety, that I may be drawn to forgive those who have offended me, and that so Thou mayest forgive me my sins : the gift of Fortitude, that I may not fall into temptation : and the gift of Fear, that I may be delivered from all evil. Bestow on me also a great love of Prayer, by which I may obtain all these blessings, from Thy infinite goodness, to the glory of Thy holy Name, through all Eternity. Amen.

The Ven. Louis De Ponte, S. J.



THE INTERESTS OF JESUS CHRIST IN THE WORLD.

New Martyrs.—"The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians ;" and in Tonquin the harvest should be great. It is from the Vicar-Apostolic of Eastern Cochin-China that we learn that early last month a terrible massacre of Christians occurred in Tonquin. The names of five of the missionaries are given : Pères Poirier, Guégan, Guérin, Macé, Martin ; and it is said that more than ten thousand Catholics have been put to death. An English newspaper adds : "*The vicariate is annihilated ;*" but we may hope and pray *that* is not true. Protestantism is sometimes annihilated where Catholicism only begins again ; but the poor devoted missionaries, and the persecuted faithful, claim our prayers.

West African Missions.—From St. Paul de Loanda, also, we have news of three Fathers having been put to death by the Pagan natives. They had, apparently, only just arrived, when the King of Coauhama Huilla died suddenly, and the savages, attributing the death, as usual, to the witchcraft of the whites, commenced a massacre. May their blood draw down mercy on the poor savages who shed it.

A Veteran Promoter.—The pioneer of the Order of Sisters of Mercy in Australia, Mother Mary Ursula Frayne, Superioress of the Convent of Mercy, Melbourne, has just died. She had reached the sixty-ninth year of her age and the forty-ninth of her religious profession. She was born in Dublin, and went through her novitiate in the same city, in the well known Baggot Street Convent, under the guidance of Mother M'Auley, the foundress of the Irish Order of Mercy. The first great

work which was undertaken by the zealous Sister Ursula after her profession, was the founding of a convent in Nova Scotia. This work she successfully accomplished. She laboured with devoted patience and courage for some years in America, and then returned to Dublin. About the time of her return, Dr. Brady, Bishop of Perth in Western Australia, was in sad need of nuns for his diocese. When he applied to the Superiors of the mother-house of the Sisters of Mercy for help, Sister Ursula and five others volunteered to leave home and country, to spend the rest of their days beneath the Southern Cross. The little band, of which Sister Ursula was Superioress, arrived in Perth in 1845. The only other nuns existing at that time in Australia, were Sisters of Charity, who had founded a convent at Sydney in 1838. Mother Frayne established a convent and an orphanage in Perth, and had already worked there for twelve years, when she received and accepted an invitation from Archbishop Goold, in 1857, to take up her abode with some of her Sisters in Melbourne. During the twenty-eight years which she spent in this city, her ability and zeal created a large and beautiful convent, to which are attached a boarding and day school for young ladies, two primary schools, and a domestic training institution for orphan girls. She also built a great establishment for orphans in one of the suburbs of Melbourne, and founded a branch convent of her Order in the interior of the colony. A Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral for the repose of her soul the day before yesterday, and many ladies who had been her old pupils at the Melbourne Convent, were there, in their sorrow praying fervently for the everlasting rest of the Reverend Mother, whom they had known and loved so well. Let us unite our prayers with theirs, and say, *May she rest in peace!*

MICHAEL WATSON, S.J.

Melbourne, June 15, 1885.

Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Wexford, July 14th.
—Would you kindly send us eighteen more numbers for July, and, in future, we shall therefore want two hundred and eighty-eight every month, until the end of the year. We have now eleven hundred members of the Holy League. Some pious women in the villages round Wexford help us very much in getting Associates. In one village, a good girl has enrolled about two hundred and fifty. You will be glad, I know, also to hear that the little book is read and listened to with great pleasure in *three* workhouses—Wexford, Cork, and the Glin (co. Limerick). All seem delighted to have the Badge. Let us hope that the love of Jesus for these poor souls, as it is better known to them, will be a great consolation in all their pain.

PRINTED!

A GOOD woman, who cannot read, is a zealous subscriber to the *Messenger*. "If I have it, just to lie about," she said, simply, "somebody is sure to pick it up that it will do good to."

A somebody happened to be another woman, to whom it seemed the very message for which her heart had been longing; and, though she was in dire straits, and expecting "trouble," she felt that eighteen-pence could not be better spent, and begged her friend to see that she, too, received it every month. She did not inquire how it would come to her. A few days after, as your new subscriber was standing by her stall in the market, sad at heart with the "trouble" hanging over her, her little daughter came running to her in great excitement: "O mother, mother, the postman has just brought a paper with your name on it—*printed*, mother!"

"Fetch it, Annie," gasped the poor mother, trembling. The blow had fallen, she thought; and, to use her own words, "she felt ready to drop by the stall side." The child returned with the *Messenger*. It was only a loving message from the tender Heart of Jesus, to soothe the troubled beatings of her own! And the other dreaded message never came at all.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER.

The Religious Congregations.



THE first thought which should naturally occur to the Members of the Holy League, when the Church proposes as the object of our special prayers this month, the *Religious Orders* of the Church, is, *this is for ourselves!* From a very early date, after the Apostleship of Prayer had begun to spread through the Church, the various religious bodies showed themselves eager to enter its ranks, and our numbers were quickly swollen by multitudes of those who must ever be the chosen amongst the chosen ones of God, the best and most dearly-prized members of all our vast Association. Such eagerness was to be expected from those whose vocation, however widely their various Institutes may differ in detail, is summed up in this: to renounce all things, the better to promote the interests of Jesus Christ.

Accordingly, we find that, far from contenting themselves with merely being enrolled in the ranks of the League, it was not long before they began to give stronger proofs of the sympathy and affection with which they regarded the Apostleship of Prayer. At an early date

the Very Rev. Father Roothaan, the then General of the Society of Jesus, had led the way, by the grant to the League of participation in all merits, prayers, and sacrifices of the Society. This act was solemnly confirmed on January 3, 1861, by his successor, the present Father General. The next year, this example was followed by the holy religious of La Trappe, the Theatines, and the Marist Fathers. In the course of three or four more years the same mark of love had been granted by the Barnabites, the Camaldulense Hermits, and the Carthusians; in 1871, by the great Order of St. Dominic, the Friars Minors, the Poor Clares, the Third Order of St. Francis, and the Redemptorist Fathers; in 1872, by the Hermits of St. Augustine, the Discalced Carmelites, and the Capuchins. In 1873, when Father Ramière published the last edition of his great work, *L'Apostolat de la Prière*, he was already able to give a list of fifty-four religious Orders and Congregations, which had thus united themselves to the Holy League by the closest ties. To-day, that catalogue has grown to the number of one hundred and sixty-two; being fifty-four Orders and Congregations of men, and one hundred and eight of religious women. In the merits, prayers, labours, and sufferings of this great multitude of consecrated souls, every member of the League shares during life, and is aided after death. Have we not, then, good reason to say that, in joining our hearts to pray for them, we are praying for our own best interests?

We must not, however, seek to base our appeal for our Associates' prayers on a merely selfish consideration; that would hardly be in the spirit of the Apostleship. To pray for the Religious Orders is to aid the Church in her heart's best strength. It was a true instinct which led a poor wounded soldier, before one of the most disastrous battles of the Prussian War, to say to the priest who was bending over him, as he pointed to the huge ruins of a

neighbouring abbey : " Ah, Père, if the monks had been left to sing their Matins there, we should not be in this sad plight to-day." Indeed, he was only uttering, in a form less significant, what our Lord Himself said once to St. Teresa : " What would become of the world, if it were not for the Religious?"

And this same truth is only made more evident, as we see that wherever the satanic hatred of God, which Freemasonry has generated, rages most fiercely, there every effort which man's malice can invent, is made to destroy the Religious Congregations. They are plundered, mocked, driven into exile, without even the pretence of a cause. No matter : they serve God, and God must be banished from the earth ! They realize in their calm Christian way what the Revolution ever shrieks out for, but can never attain—Liberty, in the subjection of the passions ; Equality, in the renunciation of earthly wealth and honour ; Fraternity, in the simple union of mutual brotherly love. They are *Communists*, even, who *do* what we *talk* of doing, and possess all things* in common, and yet they are not of us—away with them (if cholera will allow us to dispense with their services) ! Crucify them ! And Pilate washes his hands.

And the revolution, like the world of which it is the froth, is wise in its generation ; it has no enemy so deadly as those humble inoffensive religious, for whom, if by our prayers this month we obtain a great increase of grace, we shall have struck a trenchant blow at all the enemies of the Sacred Heart. " I believe," says Father Faber somewhere, " if this unhappy land is ever to be converted, of which there are many hopes and no signs, it will be by some religious Order or Orders, who shall exhibit to a degraded and vicious people the vision of evangelical poverty in its sternest perfection." So, too, have thought the Popes, and in all times of great misfortune the Church

* " As having nothing and possessing all things " (2 Cor. vi. 10).

has called out her reserves, nor has she ever relied on them in vain.

Peaceful indeed is His entrance,* calm the sound of the *still small voice*,† as the Divine Spouse whispers to noble and pure hearts : *Hear daughter and see, and incline thine ear, and forget thy people and thy father's house ; and the King shall greatly desire thy beauty, for he is the Lord thy God.*‡ Meek warriors they seem to the world's eyes, these pacific regiments of the Church Militant ; but they are those who have best understood the nature of the warfare to which our King and Captain despatches us, with the command : *Behold, I send you as sheep in the midst of wolves.*§

As Christ's best soldiers, then, our Associates would surely lift up their prayers for the Religious Orders at the Pope's command. But when, in addition to all other claims, the members of the Holy League have now learnt how closely and how lovingly they have espoused our own particular cause, how they are fighting by our side, nay in our midst, for the triumph of the Sacred Heart ; to spread the devotion by which the nations shall be healed ; then with double fervour all will ask for the Religious Orders the graces that may make them more and more worthy of their holy and noble state.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular for those who have renounced the world to serve Thee in holy religion. Give, O Heart of Jesus, to each of these Thy chosen ones, a heart of fire to spread Thy love. Amen.

* 1 Kings xvi. 4. "Pacificusne est ingressus tuus? et ait: pacificus, ad immolandum Domino veni."

† 3 Kings xix. 12. ‡ Psalm xlix. 11. § St. Matt. x. 16.

INTENTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. Tues. *S. Raymund Nonnatus*, C.—Grace to do much, and think little of ourselves; 297 Promoters.

2. Wed. *S. Stephen, King*, C.—Fervent desire to promote the salvation of souls; 3,565 heretics and free-thinkers.

3. Thurs. *Of the Blessed Sacrament*.—(S. J., *RB. Antony S. J. and Comp., MM.*)—Guard of our purity; 3,288 young people.

4. Fri. *Feria*.—(S. J., *Of the Octave of Holy Angels*.)—FIRST FRIDAY OF THE MONTH.—Watchfulness against temptation; 2,340 graces of perseverance.

5. Sat. *S. Laurence Justinian*, B.C.—Abandonment to God's providence; 2,603 sick.

6. SUN. *Fifteenth after Pentecost*.—(S. J., *Octave of Holy Angels*.)—Grace to love God's Word; 591 colleges and schools.

7. Mon. *Feria*.—(S. J., *BB. Thomas S. J. and Comp., MM.*)—Courage to deny self; 763 novices and Church students.

8. Tues. *NATIVITY B.V.M.*—Grace to profit by past falls; 4,862 living in sin.

9. Wed. *Of the Octave*.—(S. J., *B. Peter Claver, S. J.*)—Compassion for the unhappy; 1,894 priests.

10. Thurs. *S. Nicholas of Tolentino*, C.—Grace to help others at our own cost; 891 communities.

11. Fri. *Of the Octave*.—(S. J., *BB. Charles S. J. and Comp., MM.*)—Good will to suffer confusion for God; 275 foreign missions.

12. Sat. *Of the Octave*.—Grace to use our common sense; 3,217 religious.

13. SUN. *Sixteenth after Pentecost*.—MOST HOLY NAME OF MARY.—Love of the gift of faith; 2,633 temporal favours.

14. Mon. *Exaltation of the Holy Cross*.—Light to recognize suffering as God's gift; 1,083 superiors.

15. Tues. *Octave of Nativity B.V.M.*—Devoted love for our Lady; 1,738 vocations.

16. Wed. *Ember-day*.—Fast.—*RB. Cornelius, P.M. and Cyprian, B.M.*—The charity which gives quickly; 1,731 spiritual undertakings.

17. Thurs. *Stigmata of S. Francis*.—Personal compassion for the Wounds of Jesus; 2,456 in affliction.

18. Fri. *Ember-day*.—Fast.—*S. Joseph of Cupertino, C.*—Grace to be glad to obey; 3,182 interior graces.

19. Sat. *Ember-day*.—Fast.—*Vigil*.—*SS. Januarius and Comp., MM.*—Firmness against the world; 1,512 families.

20. SUN. *Seventeenth after Pentecost*.—SEVEN DOLOURS B.V.M.—A pure desire of God's will; 2,590 parents.

21. Mon. *S. Matthew, Ap. and Evang.*—Grace to study our Lord's life; 321 missions or retreats.

22. Tues. *S. Thomas of Villanova, B.C.*—Interest in what interests the poor; 1,259 parishes.

23. Wed. *S. Linus, P.M.*—Zeal for the Pope's honour; 3,478 various intentions.

24. Thurs. *OUR LADY OF MERCY*.—Grace to condescend to the humours of others; 1,421 reconciliations.

25. Fri. *S. Ninian, B.C.*—(S. J., *Of S. Ignatius*.)—Zeal for the faith and purity of children; 13,767 children.

26. Sat. *S. Theodore, B.C.*—(S. J., *Of the Immaculate Conception*.)—Strength to refuse when we ought; 573 First Communions.

27. SUN. *Eighteenth after Pentecost*.—*SS. Cosmas and Damian, MM.*—GENERAL COMMUNION OF ATONEMENT.—Great sorrow for our past sins; our dead Members.

28. Mon. *S. Wenceslaus, M.*—Devotion to the Sorrows of Mary; our Directors and Promoters departed.

29. Tues. *S. MICHAEL, ARCH-ANGEL*.—Faith to see that God is All in all; 4,224 dead.

30. Wed. *S. Jerome, C.D.*—Grace to see that gratitude is the substance of religion; 2,226 acts of thanksgiving.

100 days' Indulgence for every prayer or action offered
these Intentions.

"I will bless every place where a picture of My Heart shall be set up and honoured" (*Words of our Lord to the Blessed Margaret Mary*).

The Sacred Heart of the Apostleship of Prayer. The Heart of Jesus pleading.

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6½ inches by 4½, price 35s. per 100 pairs

"	"	"	19s.	"	50	"
"	"	"	5s.	"	dozen	"
"	"	"	6d.	"	pair	

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NOTICE.

Subscribers abroad are reminded that Subscriptions for 1886 are due before the end of December. Copies will not be forwarded until Subscriptions have been received.

Owing to increasing numbers, short reckonings and simple accounts are absolutely necessary.

In future, Subscriptions will not be received for any other period than for one or more clear Calendar Years, beginning in January and ending in December. Every Subscriber during the course of a year, will receive the back numbers of that year, and the Subscription will expire at the end of it.

Neat cloth covers for binding the First Volume of the "Messenger" will be ready at the end of the Year. Price 6d.

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THE
MESSENGER
OF THE
SACRED HEART.

ORGAN OF THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.



STEREOTYPE.

MANRESA PRESS.

1885.

OCTOBER.

 REGINA SACRATISSIMI ROSARII.



LAD children thine, before thy shrine,
 We kneel in loving ecstasy,
 Dear Mother of the Son Divine ;
 Our Lady of the Rosary !

Aves entwined, our prayer we bind
 In wreaths of holy mystery ;
 O mystic Rose, O Mother kind !
 Our Lady of the Rosary !

The roses laid around thee, fade ;
 But dimm'd the brightness ne'er shall be
 Of beads we tell to ask thine aid,
 Our Lady of the Rosary !

Thy joy, indeed, to hear us plead,
 Thy kind love listens smilingly,
 Nor e'er forgets to count each bead—
 Dear Lady of the Rosary !

For precious pearl, 'mid ocean's whirl
 The diver plunges recklessly ;
 Yet never crown on belted earl
 Was beaded like our Rosary !

As sunset streams with dying gleams,
 Our prayer be heavenward borne to thee ;
 O'er us thine eye with pleasure beams,
 Our Lady of the Rosary !

Lest death's last hour, or hellish power,
 Should fright my heart—O succour me !
 Let me not fear, though evil lower,
 Thy rescued prize ! “Our Lady's dower !”
 Sweet Lady of the Rosary !



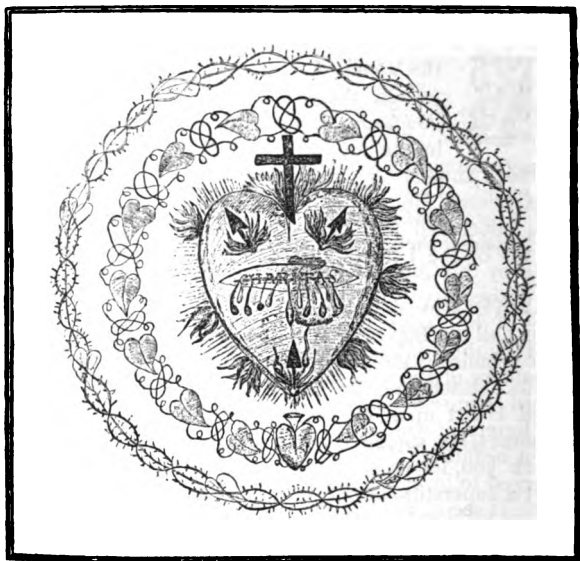
THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE SACRED HEART.

AT Paray-le-Monial, in that little Chapel of the Visitation, which none of us who have prayed there will ever forget, a solemn *Triduum*, or three days' prayer, was held in the month of July last. It was the two hundredth anniversary of the first solemn act of devotion to the Sacred Heart. At the distribution of the Badges which concluded the *Triduum*, the Abbé Gauthey, the Director of the League, said some words worth remembering.

"Even in these days of our sadness, we have our consolations and our hopes. The Heart of Jesus is not forgetful of Its promises ; only let us make ourselves fit to receive Its gifts. Each one of us has now hung the Badge of the Sacred Heart upon our breasts ; we set Its pictures in our homes, we spread them amongst our friends ; but, I beseech you, let us stop not there. This honour would be but a superstitious one, if it consisted only in wearing a picture on our dress, or hanging it upon our walls. Our Lord's promises are made to those who shall make use of these representations, to learn to serve Him better, and to love Him more. Let the Badges, then, which we wear, as they put so constantly before our eyes the sufferings and the love of Jesus, awaken in our souls a gratitude to our good Master for His condescending love, excite in our hearts a holy hunger to receive Him, and a longing to make amends to Him, by the courage which despises the world, for the treachery which betrays Him so often."

292 *The First Picture of the Sacred Heart.*

Here is the picture before which the act was made. This fac-simile our readers owe to the generous kindness of Father Madan, of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary College of the Sacred Heart, Mill Hill, whom we thank gratefully, and for whom we ask a special Hail Mary from each of our Associates.



Though it is not the very first attempt at a picture of the Sacred Heart, it is assuredly among the earliest. The first, we are told, was one drawn in ink, either by the Saint's own hand, or by one of her novices, and which she timidly fastened to the altar in the noviceship, on the Friday after the Octave of Corpus Christi, in the year 1685. It is preserved at the Convent of the Visitation at Turin. Until that time, although it was *nine years* after

the great revelations had been made to her, no one except her superiors and confessors suspected that the humble novice-mistress had received any special favours from Heaven.

The picture which Father Madan has enabled us to give our Associates was, however, drawn in the same year; and the original (which is said to be at the Visitation in Moulins) is probably one of twelve which were sent to her as a Christmas present by her former Superior, la Mère Greyfié. These were pen and ink drawings, slightly coloured, and accompanied a larger picture painted in oil.¹ It is intimately associated with the first solemn act of homage which the Divine Heart of Jesus ever received in this world. This consecration of themselves was made by the Visitation community of Semur en Auxois, with Mère Greyfié at their head; and the example was speedily followed by the Convent of Paray-le-Monial.

The desire of the Blessed Margaret Mary to multiply pictures of the Sacred Heart, which is now so abundantly realized by the millions and millions of Badges worn by the members of the Apostleship, was inspired to her by our Lord Himself. The account is contained in many of her letters, of which the following, perhaps, is one of the most beautiful: "If you knew, my good Mother, how I feel urged to love the Sacred Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ! It seems to me that life itself is given to me but for that. He has deigned to grant me a favour which has left the sweetest impression in my soul. He has said to me again that the pleasure which He takes in being loved, known, and honoured by His creatures is so great that, if I do not mistake, He has promised me that those who devote themselves to Him shall never perish; and that, as He is the source of all blessings, He will pour them out in abundance on all those places in which the picture of His Sacred Heart shall be kept and honoured. He has

¹ Bougaud, *Histoire de la Bienheureuse.*

given me to know that His Sacred Heart is the Saint of Saints, the Holy One of love ; that It wishes to be known now in order to be the Mediator between God and man ; for It is all-powerful to make their peace, by turning aside the punishments which our sins have drawn upon us ; and to obtain us mercy."²

NIGHT AND MORNING.



WHEN softly dawns the golden light,
And shadows melt o'er land and sea,
O lowly Love ! O Heart of might,
We consecrate our souls to Thee !
Before Thine altar's holy throne,
The while we humbly kneel and pray,
We bring to Thee—to Thee alone—
The offering of the new-born day.

When all the hours of toil are done,
And twilight spreads her purple wing—
When starry vigils have begun
Before the Eucharistic King,
As earthly lovers at the tryst
To earth—a fellow-creature—flee,
O true and tender Heart of Christ,
We haste to give the night to Thee !

In joy or grief, in hope or fear,
In sin, in suffering, and distress,
We own a Refuge ever near,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless.
In light or darkness, life and death,
In time and in eternity,
Devoted Heart, with trusting faith,
We consecrate our all to Thee !

² *Lettre xxxiii.*



A SAINT FOR OCTOBER.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

(October 4).

THIS poor man cried, and the Lord heard him," is the text of a striking sermon on the great Saint of Assisi, from the pen of Father Bourdaloue. The preacher has hit the especial character of St. Francis, and of the Seraphic Order which he founded. It is Christian poverty, in all its dignity and power. Poverty and obedience, together with the other vow of holy chastity, are (all our readers know) the essential vows of the religious state. Some Orders in the Church carry their interpretation of poverty further than others; that is, they pursue it into further details. It is being poor, for instance, and the world thinks it "a very poor thing" indeed, to have no shoes and stockings of one's own, but to have to ask for them. Yet it is a poorer thing still, to go without, and to have only a sandal to protect the sole of the foot. The first may be called a *dependent* poverty. An excellent way it is, of keeping oneself humble, especially when the articles granted are by no means of the best; more especially, if the person receiving and using them as an alms has been accustomed in early life to go to a first-class boot-maker. Every one, however, would agree there was more actual poverty in spending long years, from noviceship to death, in a pair of sandals. Now, St. Francis had not even sandals; they seem to have come in afterwards, as a mitigation granted to his

Order ; because not every one could go about barefoot, without catching his death of cold.

So, too, with regard to the *habit*, or garment, of the Franciscans. It is quite consistent with poverty in a religious to have a new one, if he has humbly asked for it, and it has been charitably given. But it is more poor to have the old one patched up, till it looks something like a chess-board of squares, here and there and everywhere. This is what St. Francis delighted in ; because his holy soul was so penetrated with the Divine assurance: "Blessed are ye poor : for yours is the Kingdom of God."¹ In his Rule, somewhere, he speaks of his friars' habits being "blessedly patched." Indeed, he was so in love with the most abject poverty, that he seemed to thirst for it, as parched lips thirst for water, as the sons of Mammon thirst for gold.

And this grace was more remarkable in St. Francis, because his early life was of a very different spirit. The son of a rich merchant in his native town, he was brought up amid all the surroundings of wealth and luxury. A young man of popular attractive gifts, he became the leader of expensive revelry among the youth of Assisi, with whom he used to parade the streets with music, and join in their light-hearted songs. He had always a tender compassionate heart, however ; and it was this that brought about his conversion to a better life. On one occasion, being much occupied at the moment, he refused an alms to a poor man who begged of him. This was quite contrary to his habit : and, on reflexion, he was so struck with remorse, that he ran after the beggar, gave him an alms, and then bound himself by vow never to refuse such a petition, if asked for the love of God.

Meanwhile, his father, whose name was Bernardone, was much discontented at the turn things were taking. Here was Francis, instead of adding to the business,

¹ St. Luke vi. 20.

wasting his gains in alms. So, finding that he grew more and more inclined to a poor and mortified life, he took him before the Bishop of the place, that he might renounce all expectations of receiving anything from his father. Bernardone seems to have been one of those moderate Christians who think that a real ardent love of God is an extravagance, an enthusiasm : at all events, he did not wish to have that style of thing in his own family. Francis accompanied him willingly to the Bishop : and when Bernardone had stated his case, the son threw off his richly embroidered coat, and placed it on the ground, saying : "There, father ; I restore to you all you ever gave me : and now, with the greater confidence I can look up, and cry : 'Our Father Who art in Heaven !'"

Then began that wonderful life of poverty, of prayer, of miracle and apostolic missions to the ends of the earth, which has placed the name of Francis and his Franciscans at the head of one of the principal chapters of the Church's annals. His convents became numerous ; but they remained poor. Poverty was their rich dowry, and their unfailing strength. What has been the efficacy of their prayers will only be known when all things are revealed—but it is certain that through six hundred years and more, by the petitions of his unnumbered children on earth, and by his own glorious and powerful intercessions above, "this poor man cried, and the Lord heard him." At length, towards the close of his crucified life, the awful yet blessed favour was given him, that the five Wounds borne for him by his Lord on Calvary, were impressed on his mortal flesh : so that he could literally say, with St. Paul : "I bear in my body the stigmata of the Lord Jesus."

Collect for the feast of St. Francis, October 4.

O God, Who, through the merits of Blessed Francis, hast amplified Thy Church by the birth of a new [spirit-

ual] race of men, grant to us, by imitating him, to despise earthly things, and always to rejoice at our share in heavenly gifts ; through our Lord, &c.

For the feast of the Stigmata, September 17.

O Lord Jesus Christ ! Who, while the world has grown cold, hast renewed, in the flesh of the most Blessed Francis, the sacred stigmata of Thy Passion, in order to set our hearts a-flame with the fire of Thy love ; mercifully grant, that by his merits and prayers we may ever bear the cross, and bring forth worthy fruits of penance : Who livest and reignest, &c.

A PRAYER OF ST. FRANCIS.

O MY GOD, and my All ! I beseech Thee, may the honey-sweet and ardent power² of Thy love absorb my soul from all things that are beneath the heavens ; that by the love of Thy love³ I may die to the world, Who, by the love of my love, didst vouchsafe to die on the wood of the Cross—O my God, and my All !

² *Melliflua et ignita vis.*

³ That is, for the love and desire of obtaining Thy love : and so, immediately afterwards, for the love and desire of winning *my* love. "Love," says the Holy Ghost, "is as strong as death ; . . . many waters cannot quench charity, neither can the floods drown it." Our Lord so loved the possession of our love, that the appalling foresight of His agony could not turn Him aside from paying the price to gain it. And, in correspondence with His love, the Apostle, who foreknew that afflictions awaited him (Acts xx. 23), could declare : "I fear none of these things, neither do I count my life more precious than myself."



THE HOLY LEAGUE IN PORTUGAL.

PORTUGAL is usually regarded by us as a country in which a long-triumphant freemasonry has reduced religion to the saddest degradation. Our Associates will be surprised to hear that there is no portion of the Church in which the Apostleship of Prayer has attained to so perfect an organization.

The *Relatorio do Apostolado da Oração, Liga do Coração de Jesus*, which is published annually by the Central Director, is now in its thirteenth year; and nothing can more clearly illustrate the power with which, by God's blessing, the Apostleship is endowed, of adapting itself to all sorts and conditions of Catholic life.

While we are seeing under our own eyes the fruits of its patient but profitable work, awakening new movements of piety and zeal amongst the crowded poor of Liverpool or Glasgow, and stimulating a new fervour in congregations more happily placed; while joyous accounts of the good results come from so many convents and schools; while newly-converted Indians are offering up to the Sacred Heart their prayers and pain, in the far south of New Caledonia and the far north of St. Albert; while the Australian bush-ranges, and the Irish village where "one good girl has alone brought us two hundred and fifty new Associates," are bearing common testimony to the fruits of the Holy League; we see in this report of the Portuguese Central Director, that it has no less power to renew the spiritual life in the old and half effete Catholicism of a land where faith indeed remains, but half-buried under the cinders of ignorance, superstition, and indifference.

Pathetic are the words in which Father Prospero addresses his promoters in the land of Vasco di Gama; that Portugal which was once the Apostle of nations, and the glory of the Church; which sent forth St. Francis Xavier to people a new world with her children, and De Britto to lay down his life. *In one hundred places*, he says, *your zeal has succeeded this year in setting up statues of the Sacred Heart!* Courage, O fervent promoters of the League! see how God blesses the efforts of your zeal; how many children are taught their catechism through your means, how many marriages have put an end to sin, how many Catholic journals are circulated, how many good books read! By your efforts the altars of God are surrounded, missions given, the sacraments frequented, and alms bestowed. O Holy League, destined by God to regenerate the world, and to wage war against impiety, well art thou called "an immense confederation of prayers and zeal, corresponding perfectly to the designs of the Holy Father, created for the necessities of our time, and wonderfully sustaining and invigorating all other good works."¹

Glancing through the reports of the different Local Directors which the *Relatorio* contains, we find evidence everywhere of the deplorable state of religion, against which these devoted men are waging war. Sermons are, except in the great cities, things almost unknown; so that when one is preached, those who have been able to hear it, are expected to repeat its substance to those who were unable to be present. In many instances, the poor people are unable to gain the Indulgences through want of confessors. With painful frequency, in all the reports, the prevalence of concubinage is referred to; and one zealous Promoter is mentioned who has obtained no less than forty-three marriages in one year.

¹ Pastoral of the Right Reverend the Bishop of Three Rivers (Canada) on the Encyclical *Humanum Genus*.

"Whosoever the body shall be, thither shall the eagles also be gathered together,"² as our Lord has warned us; we may be sure therefore that a poor Catholic people, lying, too like a carcase, in its ignorance and corruption and abandonment, will attract the eyes of the Protestant Missionary Society; and, accordingly, no small part of our Portuguese Promoters' work, is the rescue of little children from the schools, in which they are clothed and fed at the cost of Catholic faith. In some instances, as at Monserrate, they have even succeeded in founding a boarding-school for girls, as a remedy "in some measure" for the evil.

Yet, although this exceedingly interesting report tells throughout of a struggle with abounding and triumphant iniquity, it is full of consolation and promise. The numbers of the Associates is remarkable, even for a Catholic country; the increase great, and, above all, the organization excellent. Each diocese is divided into greater circles, according to its size; there being seven of these in the patriarchate of Lisbon, seven also in Bragança and Porto, six in Braga and Guarda, five in Portalegra, four in Coimbra and Lamego. The names of all the Directors, both Central and Local, are given in the *Relatorio*, and the statistics are very complete. If we take as an example the archdiocese of Braga, where the numbers are not the largest, but in which the progress seems to have been most active during the last year, there are 89 affiliations or local centres, being an increase of 39 in the year; 1640 Promoters, the increase being 695; 67,203 Associates, and 1860 circles of the Rosary. Flourishing centres of the League also exist in the Azores, Madeira, and St. Thomas; and in Goa it is beginning to assume a new and vigorous life. We may, then, join with the pious gratitude of Father Prosperi for the blessings granted by God to this vigorous and much-

² St. Luke xvii. 37.

needed branch of the Apostleship. We may, too, share his well-founded hope that the united prayers of the six hundred and fifty thousand Associates, who make their morning offering in the Portuguese tongue, will not rise to Heaven in vain. Eighteen thousand Promoters labour devotedly around him, in the midst of the ruins of a holy and noble past ; and though, indeed, the harvest is but a scanty one, so deadly is the blight which sin and sacrilege have wrought, yet the power and the love of the Sacred Heart are there, and will prevail.

THE THREE MIRRORS.

DEAREST MOTHER,—I hope you are quite well. I am getting quite happy. The first night, I cried myself to sleep ; the next night, I was so tired with work and play, that I went to sleep before I had had time to cry ; and now I like my mistresses too much to be miserable any more. All the Sisters are kind to me. I get on well with the girls, and I have risen three places in my class. The only *serious* thing I have to complain of is, that in all this large convent there is not a single looking-glass ! Only think of that ! How can I tell if I part my hair in the middle or not ? For, here, we mayn't wear a "furze-bush" on our foreheads, or even a "terrier's fringe." I think, if you sent me a glass, I should be allowed to keep it. So please, dear mother, may I have one *soon* ?

Your loving little daughter, MINNIE.

Having indited this epistle, Minnie was directing the envelope for the post, when Rosalie, one of her school-fellows, came in from the garden, to hasten her out for a game with the rest.

"Are you going to write letters all recreation-time, my

"dear?" said the bright-faced girl. "You will cramp your fingers and tire your brains, and be quite unfit for the French class this afternoon!"

"I'm coming now. I've been writing to mother for a looking-glass. It's horrid never being able to see if one's collar is straight or crooked. I believe, if we put our frocks on back to front, or inside out, the Sisters would be none the wiser. I think I'll *try* it!"

"I advise you not! I don't know sharper eyes than theirs for a missing button or the tiniest rent. Don't you see how neat they are themselves? How they manage to keep so, is a marvel to me—with no looking-glass! And so you are writing to ask for one! Good idea! But, do you know, *I've got* a tiny bit, in my pocket."

And she produced a three-cornered fragment, carefully folded in paper. "You see," she said, "if one never saw one's face, one would forget what one was like. So, wasn't I lucky? I found this under a cabbage: someone must have thrown it over the garden wall."

And the two girls, in turn, contemplated their rosy faces, strangely scored, however, with black lines, the quicksilver being sadly scratched by constant wear in the pocket. After thus wasting some minutes in trying to get sight of more than one eye or half a nose at a time, they folded up the precious morsel, and hurried off for a game at "Puss in the Corner."

Next day, when Mrs. Homewood, Minnie's mother, came in from Mass, she found her daughter's letter on the breakfast table, read it with a sort of grave amusement, and handed it to her husband.

"Bless the girl!" said Mr. Homewood, laughing, when he had finished it. "Give her the canny Scot's advice to his spouse, when *she* made him the same request:

Keek¹ into the draw well;
There ye'll see ye'r bonnie sel';
Janet, Janet!"

¹ Look.

"No. The Scot may have had his own reasons for the advice," said the mother; "but I don't want our giddy Minnie to risk going head-first into the water!"

Two days after this conversation, Minnie received from her mother the following brief despatch:

Dearest Child,—You ask me for a looking-glass. I am sending you *three* looking-glasses: the first, to show you what you *are* like; the second, to show you what you *will be* like; the third, to show you what you *ought to be* like. Your loving MOTHER.

P.S.—You will receive the parcel to-morrow.

Imagine Minnie's pleasing perplexity to guess what this dear mother of hers could mean!

"I wonder, Mother Imelda, why mamma didn't send the parcel, with the letter, *to-day*? It's *so* long till to-morrow, when one doesn't know what to expect!"

"Mamma is giving you a lesson of patience and trust."

"Trust? No need! I'd trust mother for *anything*! As for patience, I think it's the hardest virtue ever invented: I really do!" and Minnie sighed, comically.

"Do you know, Minnie, you have actually said a wise thing! Isn't that remarkable! True, it often takes a whole lifetime to learn patience."

In due time "to-morrow" became "to-day," and brought the mysterious parcel. Minnie's heart fluttered at the sight, as if a bird had lent it wings. With eager fingers the string was cut, the seals broken, the papers unfolded, and a wooden box laid open to view. On raising the lid, Minnie was delighted to see her face reflected in a neat little mirror which lay at the top. "What a nice little glass!" she said; "quite enough to satisfy anybody. I wonder why there are three: and the others seem so very thick!"

Mirror Number Two took a great deal of unpacking, and when the last paper was taken off, Minnie nearly

dropped it, from fright. For she held in her hands the plaster model of a skull.

"Oh! you poor horror!" she exclaimed. "And you are really like what *I shall be!* Well, the kindest thing would be to bury you. I'm glad *I shall be* buried before I'm as ugly as you!"

And, suddenly grown grave, she threw a sheet of paper over the ghastly object. "You see, Mother Imelda," she said, looking up at her mistress, who was watching her, "I don't mean to be disrespectful to the poor dear fright; but a skull isn't the same as a *soul*. I suppose the uglier our bodies are, the more beautiful our souls should be—to make things even—and I'm sure our bones *are* ugly enough for anything! They are very useful though, in their way," she added reflectively; "we could no more run or jump than a jelly-fish, if we *had* no bones. Still, I needn't keep this—this thing, always in sight, need I? like the heads they used to stick on Temple Bar in English history. I'll keep it for—for *my solemn moments*."

Meantime, Minnie's fingers were keeping pace with her tongue, as she took paper after paper off mirror number three. She gave a cry of delight as she held up a lovely statuette of our Blessed Lady.

"Oh, Mother Imelda, and *this* is what I *ought* to be like! But is it not perfect?"

"Well, dear, it *should* be so, to be like our Blessed Mother, who is perfect in body and soul. *Tota pulchra*—'all fair' without; *Gratia plena*—'full of grace,' and 'all glorious' *within*."

The three-fold lesson was not lost upon Minnie. She loved to kneel before her dear statue of Mary Immaculate: and her devotion to this best of Mothers helped her to become in time a model of unaffected modesty and goodness, a favourite among her school-fellows, and the joy of her home.



A PROMOTER'S PORTRAIT.

WE have sketched in former pages other portraits of Promoters of the Sacred Heart, to show what a real apostleship may be exercised, in every state of life. There was the religious Sister who converted a soul in ministering to the sick, by having her cheek cut with a medicine bottle flung at her by an infuriated patient. There was the gifted and saintly doctor, who, like SS. Cosmas and Damian, and others of the Saints, so exercised his talent for healing as to draw his patients to the Great Physician. The portrait gallery of our soldiers contain many different uniforms : though all are officers in the same army, they lead, for "example is better than precept;" it goes deeper and often lasts longer. "If these men and women, if these youths and maidens, could do all this, then why not I?" reasoned St. Augustine, on the threshold of his conversion. So, this month, we bring our readers another photograph : the photograph of a Lancashire woman in humble life. Her uniform is not of scarlet and gold, certainly ; but we want to show how simply and how easily she became a promoter—even without knowing it.

The husband of this good woman took his copy of the *Messenger* to his work, to read during dinner time. Now, having got so far in our story, we do not feel quite sure whether his wife gave it to him, or whether he took it of his own accord. This makes it a little uncertain *which of the two* became the promoter ; but as, no doubt, they are a good husband and wife, and live in Christian harmony, they may share the merit between them. If she gave him the *Messenger*, we hope she also looked after

his dinner ; but that is another subject, which we must treat by-and-bye. Husbands will look out with interest for the future number of our little monthly, in which we shall be lecturing their wives on the duty of looking well to what the Scots call "the vivars." But whatever the case, whether or not the bacon was tasty and the tea sweet, there was the small *Messenger* in his pocket, coaxing him to give it the few minutes of rest which remained before the time of "turning to" again. We may imagine for ourselves the group without much difficulty ; the dinners have been despatched, and our friend is intent on his *Messenger*, while the rest are chatting. The conversation perhaps among the others flags a little, and some one of them who notices him by chance, cries out, good-humouredly, half in jest : "Read up aloud, man." However it may have come about, let the nun who writes to us tell the result. "This husband," she says, "at the dinner hour read it to his companions. They were so pleased, that two dozen immediately took a copy."

A most practical result, and a most real apostleship. Under how many eyes have not those copies fallen—those twenty-four times thirty-two little pages, making (as the prodigies of the third standard tell us) seven hundred and sixty-eight. To how many hearts have they perhaps brought a message of the love of Jesus Christ for them ! So is the seed scattered, and our grateful God forgets not by whose industry it was sown.

THE INTERESTS OF JESUS CHRIST IN THE WORLD.

The Cross and the Mystic Tau.—A Catholic journal reports as follows :

"*The Cross on the Pantheon.*—The architects and builders having certified that the removal of the great cross from the summit of the Pantheon will cost at least

£1,200, the enlightened authorities have resolved to content themselves with sawing the top off."

The Pantheon at Paris, as most of our readers perhaps know, was built as a church, under the invocation of St. Genovefa, the shepherdess-saint, patroness of the city. It was seized and desecrated by the French Revolution at the end of the last century, when an infidel mob gave it a heathen name (Pan-theon, "the temple of all the gods"), like a building raised by the pagan Romans in Rome. To unchristianize this Paris building still more, the same mob placed on the high altar the bones of God's great enemy, Voltaire; and over the portico they painted up, in large letters, that a grateful country dedicated the place to its great men! A better order of things came in, when it was used as a church once more. Now, unbelief has it again in hand, and the disciples of Voltaire have made a sort of dedication of it to Victor Hugo. The abomination of desolation is in the holy place.

But our present concern is with the cross on the summit of the building. It is much out of place there, surmounting all the heathenism we have recorded; and this is felt by the authorities into whose hands Paris has fallen. What is to be done with it? Even Cromwell would hardly have said: "Take away that bauble." But the present French Government has no such scruples. Its only difficulty in the matter is a financial one. Twelve hundred pounds sterling is rather a high price to pay for getting rid of the symbol of Redemption: so they have resolved to get rid of all its significance (as they think) by reducing it to the letter T.

Now, it so happens, that this same letter T has always been taken as a symbol of the Cross. In the prophecy of Ezechiel,¹ all were to be destroyed in faithless Jerusalem, whose foreheads were not marked with this mystical sign, as a symbol of their faith in the coming redemption

¹ Ezech. ix. 4, 6.

through Christ. In many ancient paintings, the Cross on Calvary is represented without any part of the upright beam projecting over the cross-beam. It was probably on a cross of the form of T that the serpent in the wilderness was lifted up; and we remember how our Lord Himself expounded that type to Nicodemus:² "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." These haters of the Cross, therefore, who are so determined to destroy the sacred sign on their Pantheon, will not have accomplished it by sawing away the upper part. Like some fertile tree, whose exuberance repairs the woodman's ravages, it will still stand on its commanding site, and spread forth its branches in the eye of Heaven. And who shall say that God will not be yet more glorified by the prayers, the tears, and acts of expiation on the part of His faithful ones, as they pass by that desecrated spot and mutilated Cross, than if it stood there entire? For, as a quaint old writer of two centuries and a half ago says of the Temple on Mount Sion, in the zenith of its glory :

All Solomon's sea of brass, and world of stone
Is not so dear to Thee, *as one good groan.*

The Apostleship of Prayer in Glasgow.—We had a glorious day at the Church of the Sacred Heart on Sunday last—the first inauguration of the Holy League in Glasgow. Upwards of six hundred men and women made the Communion of Atonement in the morning. Crowds of others had to defer their confession until next Saturday, as the two priests could not possibly get through them all. In the evening 850 received the Badge. We had a public and very affecting ceremony. The children of our schools will be admitted shortly, along with those who were disappointed on Sunday.

M. VINCENT DOLAN, O.S.F.

Franciscan Convent, Glasgow, Sept. 15, 1885.

² St. John iii. 14.

Canada.—We have had the consolation of receiving the following lines of approval and encouragement from a hard-working missionary priest in the diocese of Ontario, Canada. Such tokens from across the wide Atlantic are especially welcome and refreshing : they are living proofs of that union of hearts among the labourers in our Lord's vineyard, which is the mark whereby the world ought to believe, as He said, that the Father had sent Him, and that He had sent His Apostles and apostolic men. The writer says :

"Excuse my presumption, if I venture to beg that the dear little *Messenger* will always contain letters like those signed A. Hagglin, S.J., and Edward Murphy, S.J., and stories such as that of Antony Lambert.

"I have long wished to get the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* circulated among the good people of the little mission of Eramosa, but never succeeded ; it seems to me that your *Messenger* may produce the results expected from the perusal of those interesting letters, and, moreover, accomplish an end which they never contemplated.

"The new series has been pronounced a gem on this side of the water. I look upon a publication such as yours promises to be, as a great help to a poor priest striving to keep alive the faith in the midst of heretical populations. I therefore earnestly hope that it will never be allowed to sink below its present literary excellence : for unless a periodical unite attractiveness to solidity, all imaginable influence, backed even by moderate charges, will not make it *read* in this country, even though it be paid for."

Nova Scotia.—A new Centre of the Apostleship has just been erected by the Moderator General of the League, under the direction of his Grace the Archbishop of Halifax, embracing Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Here a vast number of our Canadian fellow-countrymen

contain in their midst, if not a large, yet a fervent body of Catholics; and it will be glad news to all that the League is to be established amongst them, to spread devotion to the Sacred Heart, and to join their morning oblations to our own.¹ May the Divine Heart's love be made manifest in the blessings which result.²

The Apostleship in Belgium.—A meeting of Promoters at Verviers.—“The Apostleship of Prayer continues to develope amongst us, I am happy to say; and priests and people alike share in the desire to see its holy influence increase. The Centre of the work here is St. Francis Xavier's College.

“We now reckon forty-five Promoters, truly devoted ones; with between 6,500 and 6,600 of the first and second degrees.

“We felt, for a time, the loss of four energetic Promoters who lately left us to plant the seed of the Apostleship elsewhere; but since then we have recovered lost ground with interest, and you will be glad to have some account of the solemn consecration of new Promoters which we have just held.

“It was felt to be a great occasion, and many Associates came over to swell our numbers from Andrimont, Lambermont, and Surdents, villages in the neighbourhood of Verviers. Liège also sent us a deputation with four Promoters, and the President of the Council at their head. They were received with great joy, places of honour being reserved for them in the church; and I believe that they felt as much gratification as they gave, by the happy meeting.

“Nothing was wanting to render the ceremony as solemn as it was joyous; the altar exquisitely adorned, the clergy robed in splendid dalmatics, the throngs of young men who filled the sanctuary, the floating banners brilliant with

¹ We greet our new Associates affectionately.

² The Sub-Central Director is the Rev. J. J. Curtin.

many a holy emblem, all formed a scene well fitted to raise the heart to Him Whose Divine Heart we sought to honour. The Father Rector of the College, as he addressed the crowded audience, seemed to feel its power ; for he spoke with burning words, as he developed to the new Promoters the four means by which they may accomplish so much for the interests of our Lord : prayer, the sacraments, union, and good example. Clearly, fervently, and with accents of intense conviction, he drew for them a picture, of which I am sure they will try hard to make a reality in their lives.

"Then, blessing the new crosses, he distributed them with the diplomas to our newly-chosen Promoters, one of whom then uttered, in the name of all, while unusual stillness reigned in the crowd of worshippers, the solemn act of consecration. They will not, I think, soon forget that day.

"JOHN BALTUS, S.J.,

"Local Director."

Mission of Madura.—Exreme Unction wholesale ! One of the Fathers of the Maduré mission writes : "Just as I was setting out on my sick rounds, which, now the cholera is so prevalent, occupy much of our time, two men arrived, covered with dust and perspiration, and panting with their haste.

"'We are Christians from Vayalogam.'

"'Is some one ill?' But they only clasped their hands and raised their eyes as our Indians do.

"'Do you want me to anoint some one?'

"'We want the Soami to anoint the whole village. Read,' and they handed me a petition. 'We, the Christians of Vayalogam, prostrate ourselves with our foreheads in the dust at the feet of the Soami [lord, *i.e.* the Father], and implore him to come to our assistance. Three Pagan villages close by are invaded by cholera. Come, Oh ! forsake us not. Save our souls !'

"'Then nobody has the cholera yet in the village?'

“‘Soami, it is near.’

“‘My journey there would take a week. I have to attend many victims here who are already stricken; it would be to distrust Providence, were I to go where the disease has not made its appearance. Go back then; and see’—here I returned hastily into the bungalow and brought out an oleograph picture of the Sacred Heart Pleading—‘take with you this picture of the Sacred Heart, and carry it in procession the Sunday after your arrival. Then put it up in the chapel, and assemble the people, morning and night, to pray to be preserved from cholera. Especially let the children come and pray.’

“‘But Soami, the children do not yet know the prayers.’

“‘Never mind, make them say: Heart of Jesus save us from cholera! That they can do.’

“With hearts divided between disappointment and hope, the poor men departed. Two months later, the catechist, Euroulapen, came to make his report.

“‘Well, Euroulapen, has the cholera attacked the village?’

“‘It is gone, Soami.’

“‘How many died?’

“‘Not one, Soami, of our village; but so many, *so many* in all the villages around!’”

Manresa, Melbourne.—I am able to write to you again, but it can only be a short letter to-day. This cancer, which has kept me so lazily in bed for the last two months, has been cut out of me at last, and I am now up, though as yet unable to do my ordinary work. I am still the wounded soldier of Manresa, but I hope to “live to fight another day,” and to work still for the interests of the Sacred Heart, in which I am ever yours most faithfully,

EDWARD MURPHY, S.J.



GENERAL INTENTION FOR OCTOBER.

The Students of the Church.

THERE is much reason to fear that the intention of this month may not attract the interest it deserves. We are none of us too thoughtful ; and an object which we do not see, and which does not appeal vividly to our imagination, is one to which we are likely to be very indifferent. We can be very enthusiastic over the missionary whose adventurous life is crowned by the glory of martyrdom ; but a row of students poring over their books we find less interesting.

Yet the interests of the Heart of Jesus are just as intimately connected with the student as with the apostle ; if God's graces come not to bless him in his studies, when he reaches the field of his labours it will be too late.

"The Seminaries in which our future priests prepare themselves for their coming apostolate are the foundation of the Church's work for souls. Religion will flourish so long as *they* flourish ; on the number and quality of the priests they furnish depends the future of religion and the world."¹

So speaks the great Cardinal of Poitiers : and it is the more necessary that our Associates should weigh his words, as the thing which he declares so important is out of sight, and liable to be forgotten.

Indeed, that these *nurseries* of the Church were forgotten by the Church's enemies, and for a long time overlooked in the plans of her persecutors, is in great measure

¹ *Œuvres de Monseigneur l'Evêque de Poitiers*, i. 505.

the cause of that constant and wonderful renewal of her youth, after so many and such cruel persecutions. Infidels have cried out with admiration again and again, to see her devoted priests, after the storm had passed, everywhere and calmly at work, repairing the ravages of sin, as though no interruption had been offered to their tranquil labours.

As Catholics, of course, we *know* that God's promise will be kept, and that the indefectibility of the Church is safe in those Divine hands, more potent than our own ; but Omnipotent Providence works through human means, and amid all the bellowings of the storm, the solicitude of persecuted bishops for their young clergy, the diligence of exiled religious Orders to train their novices, have ever been at work unseen ; and hence, when the waters of the floods subsided, the green branches appeared.

But if *in past times* the Church has been fortunate, even in her misfortunes, through the oversight of those who sought to destroy her, there is no hope at present of such oblivion. Angry eyes all over the world are fixed to-day on the Church's students ; and every effort, which violence or cunning malice can invent, is used to tear them from her arms, or, where that is not possible, to instil poison into them even while they rest there. Here they are forced from their solitudes, to join the army's ranks, there they are compelled to undergo examinations in unchristian studies. Spied upon, annoyed, ridiculed, persecuted, what wonder if many fall away from their high purpose, and are lost to the Church for ever ? what wonder if the leader of the army of blasphemy be a Renan, a Church student, a *half-formed priest*, with his dishonoured cassock trailed in the mire behind him ?
Corruptio optimi pessima.

No interest of God on earth more urgently demands our prayers, then, and our solicitude, than this. As the holy Curé d'Ars used to say : "Without priest no sacri-

fice, without sacrifice no religion, without religion no reason in men, but only wild beasts devouring one another !”

No true Catholic, therefore, no true lover of the Church can hear without concern that vocations fail. In certain parts of France, as the official statistics testify, hundreds of parishes are to-day found, in which either the parish priest or the curate is wanting ; dioceses which formerly yielded vocations so numerous as to provide a multitude of priests for foreign missions, can now barely supply their own most urgent needs. In Italy, the hateful law, which in France as yet is only *threatening* the Church, is already in full operation ; and there the want of priests is still more distressing ; while in Germany, worst of all, in thousands of parishes men are born and men die without a priest. Can we listen to such things unmoved, as we hear the words of the Divine Heart : “Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth labourers into His harvest ?”² Who shall count the loss of souls caused by such destitution ?

And now, if we turn our eyes upon ourselves and our own English-speaking peoples, we have, it is true, a more consoling sight presented to us, and our first impulse must certainly be, to give thanks to God that from such exceeding affliction we are at present spared. The spirit of tyranny and persecution is not dead, but it feigns to sleep, waiting for its hour ; and meantime priests multiply, and above all, the great heart of Ireland pours out its most precious drops in the form of zealous missionaries over every region of the Empire. Yet still the need continues great ; it is not merely in the wide expanses of the Colonies that, as Father Murphy tells us, parishes exist as large as Ireland, tended by a single priest, at a distance of many days’ journey from the sick who need his aid ; but even at home, yes, in England, how few are

² St. Matt. ix. 38.

the dioceses in which we can regard without pain the scarcity of priests and the poverty which is in so great degree its cause? And we may remember the plain significant words of Mgr. Pie : *To form priests there must be men, and to form men there must be bread*; needless to add : *to find bread there must be money*.

Very touchingly did another venerable French Cardinal say the other day in one of his pastorals : "Our great Mother seems at this time to cry to us, wailing like another Rachel: *Give me children, give me bread to sustain them, or I die!* Can we be hard-hearted at such an appeal? We should not forget how generously she has dealt with us, that noble Mother. If she comes to us *asking as an alms* our aid to form her clergy, let us remember that, under the Jewish law, *it was a debt*, and had she, under the law of love, been pleased to use the authority which our Lord gave her, she might have laid upon us also a sacred obligation."

Whether, therefore, it be at home or abroad that we consider the wants of the sanctuary, we shall find the echo in our own hearts of the pity which St. Matthew tells us of : "*Seeing the multitudes, He had compassion on them, because they were distressed, and lying like sheep that have no shepherd.*"³ We shall feel ourselves urged by the sight to pray that God may multiply vocations in His Church, that parents may have the grace to cherish those vocations in the hearts of their sons, and that liberty and means may be provided by God's providence to develop through the long and careful preparation which the priesthood needs, the supernatural call of God.

Yet more is asked of us. We must not pray for an increase in the *number* only of priestly vocations. The holiness of God's priests is far more important for His glory than their number ; and *our prayers will make the priest holy*; our prayers will unite his heart with the Heart of Jesus.

³ St. Matt. ix. 36.

"As the priest is, so is the people," says the old proverb. If the salt lose its savour,⁴ if the lamp of the sanctuary burn dim, if the living channel of grace become muddy or choked with weeds, soon the faith and fervour of the people will fall away. "The sanctity of the priesthood should be the object of sovereign care, if we indeed desire the salvation of men."⁵

But if the salvation of the world depend upon the priest, so the priest depends upon the student ; and this work, which we seek to accomplish by our prayers, in which we co-operate with God in the very fountain of His grace by the sanctification of His priest, is one which must be begun while he is still in the cradle of his priesthood, within the seminary walls.

If the spirit of the Apostleship of Prayer take hold upon his young heart, and set it on fire with a true zeal for the interests of Jesus Christ, and a deep faith in the prayer which is made in union with the pleadings of the Sacred Heart ; if his rest be sought before the tabernacle, and his sighs be for souls, and for the spread of "the love which is not loved," what a work for God's glory shall he not presently accomplish ! How far from him, even from that time, all sordid or selfish aims ; how pure and how self-sacrificing every aspiration which he breathes ; how patient, how kind, how laborious, how fruitful his future ministry, which the angels of the Incarnate Word are already longing for ! And in all this blessed toil, in all this perhaps long life, from which the Precious Blood will fall upon perishing souls at every step, those whose prayers have aided to kindle the sacred fire in the very germs of his life, will have their everlasting share. Not once will he raise the Chalice which redeemed the world, not once will he form the absolving cross which lifts the penitent sinner to his Saviour's love, not once will his voice be heard as it carries with

⁴ St. Matt. v. 13.

⁵ De Maistre.

authority the glad tidings to the ear, but graces will steal back to the souls of those whose prayers aided him when he was still young and weak, perhaps timid, hesitating, and tempted, ere he put his hand to the plough.

An anecdote is told⁶ in a little French publication,* which, whether it actually happened or not, points a moral. It is said that Napoleon, during a diplomatic conversation with William Pitt, the great English Minister, turned to a map of the world, and pointing with disdain to the tiny island, said: "Your England is a thing to look for with a microscope!" "True," replied Pitt, "there is just room for us to be born, and then we go out and fill the world." And so the seminary, so the religious noviceship, are but imperceptible points in the land; but in those little spots, for the future priest *there is room to be born*. May our prayers bring upon them the blessing of the Sacred Heart. Patriots of Heaven, may their students fill the earth with their consecrated presence, may they make it resound with their universal tongue, may they mark its surface throughout with the indelible signs of their apostolic energy, may they gather living grain from every shore to fill the granaries of God, and heap up riches imperishable in angels' hands for the glory of the King of kings.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular for all those chosen souls, the levites whom Thou dost call to stand at Thine altars and announce Thy Word. Grant them, dear Jesus, so now to embrace the apostleship of prayer, as afterwards to be worthy apostles in deed. Amen.

⁶ *Rapport sur l'Œuvre de Notre Dame de Cléry.*

INTENTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

1. Thurs. *S. Remigius, B.C.*—A thorough purpose to honour our Lady this month; 2,905 families.

2. Fri. *The Guardian Angels.*—(*S. J., Of S. Ignatius.*)—FIRST FRIDAY OF THE MONTH.—Desire of making atonement to the Divine Heart; 759 parishes.

3. Sat. *S. Thomas of Hereford, B.C.*—Detestation of what is false; 5,713 temporal favours.

4. SUN. *Nineteenth after Pentecost.*—THE HOLY ROSARY, B.V.M.—Great confidence in the Rosary; 1,226 colleges and schools.

5. Mon. *S. Francis of Assisi (yesterday).*—Love of poverty for Christ's sake; 5,242 clergy.

6. Tues. *S. Bruno, C.*—Grace to wish for love of prayer; 8,892 young people.

7. Wed. *S. Mark, P.C.*—(*S. J., Of S. Francis Xavier.*)—Courage to be thankful for correction; 1,462 novices and church students.

8. Thurs. *S. Bridget, W.*—Humble readiness to be taught; 6,828 interior graces.

9. Fri. *SS. Denis, &c., MM.*—Joy in Catholic faith; 1,807 in affliction.

10. Sat. *S. Paulinus, B.C.*—(*S. J., S. FRANCIS BORGIA.*)—Fervour in honouring the Blessed Sacrament; 1,442 communities.

11. SUN. *Twentieth after Pentecost.*—THE MATERNITY B.V.M.—Special love for the Incarnate Word; 2,896 vocations.

12. Mon. *S. Wilfrid, B.C.*—(*S. J., BB. Charles, S. J. and Comp. MM.*)—Grace to abominate double meanings; 2,439 parents.

13. Tues. *S. Edward, King, C.*—Persevering prayer for England's conversion; 7,971 heretics and free-thinkers.

14. Wed. *S. Callistus, P.M.*—The contrition which is ever renewed; 547 missions or retreats.

15. Thurs. *S. Teresa, V.M.*—*S. Teresa's* love for Jesus Christ; 1,670 promoters.

16. Fri. *Of the Octave.*—(*S. J., S. Wilfrid, B.C.* 12th.)—Grace never

to yield to human respect; 2006 Superiors.

17. Sat. *S. Hedwige, W.*—(*S. J., Octave of S. Francis Borgia, C.*)—Great love of the Sacred Heart; 2,760 spiritual undertakings.

18. SUN. *Twenty-first after Pentecost.*—*S. Luke, Evangelist.*—GENERAL COMMUNION OF ATONEMENT.—Grace to turn to our Lady in temptation; 10,886 living in sin.

19. Mon. *S. Peter of Alcantara, C.*—Grace to think of our own sins when angry; 2,403 reconciliations.

20. Tues. *Octave of S. Edward, C.*—Joy in the praises of God; 9,938 various intentions.

21. Wed. *SS. Ursula, &c., IV. MM.*—Intense love of purity; our departed Directors and Promoters.

22. Thurs. *S. John Cantius, C.*—Care to profit by good example; 2,479 First Communions.

23. Fri.—THE MOST HOLY REDEEMER.—Gratitude for God's gifts both sweet and bitter; 9,631 graces of perseverance.

24. Sat. *S. Raphael, Archangel.*—Reverence for our guardian angels; 3,918 sick.

25. SUN.—*Twenty-second after Pentecost.*—THE PATRONAGE B.V.M.—Zeal to promote the love of our Lady; 4,748 religious.

26. Mon. *The Purity B.V.M.*—(*S. J., The Holy Relics.*)—Reverence for the relics of the saints; our departed Associates.

27. Tues. *Vigil.*—(*S. J., S. Hedwige, W.*)—Grace to be master of ourselves; 11,534 acts of thanksgiving.

28. Wed. *SS. Simon and Jude, App.*—Charity for the dead; 9,899 dead.

29. Thurs. *S. Bede, C.*—Consideration for the weakness of others; 22,506 children.

30. Fri. *Feria.*—(*S. J., B. Alphonsus Rodriguez, C.*)—Grace to value things that humble us; 514 foreign missions.

31. Sat. *Vigil.—Fast.*—(*S. MARGARET MARY.*)—Great spread the Apostleship; the orders in whose merits we stand

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OF THE
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APPROBATION AND BLESSING OF HIS
LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.

IMPRIMATUR. ✠ JOANNES,
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Die 16 Augusti, 1885.

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“use of the Poor, and wish it a wide circu-
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"THE KINDNESS OF GOD OUR SAVIOUR HATH APPEARED."¹

THIS is the way the Apostle announces to his Christians the coming of Jesus. He calls our Lord's coming the appearance of the *kindness of God*, just as the tradition tells us that the children of Nazareth afterwards did when, weary of one another's waywardness, they sought His company, saying : *Eamus ad Suavitatem*—"Let us go to Him Who is always sweet."

Many will say, perhaps : Christmas is a long way off as yet, and it is quite too soon to be talking of it. Still more positively, perhaps, they might think it too soon to begin preparing for it. We do not think so.

There are two sorts of Christmas : the one which is kept by the Church, and the other by the world ; one in honour of the Babe of Bethlehem, the other (in England at least) in honour of plum-pudding and snapdragon.

And this reminds us that, while we are distinguishing between the Church and the world, we may not pause there. For of the world itself there are two halves ; and it has been truly said that one of these knows not how the other lives.

For that half of the world which does not know how the other half lives, it is no doubt too soon to prepare for Christmas, or, for that matter, to prepare for anything. Preparing is troublesome, and all trouble it leaves to *the other half*.

But the half which has the trouble—too well it knows

¹ Titus iii. 4.

that it is not too soon to prepare, even for the world's Christmas. What legions of hard-working men and women and children are in the heat of preparation at this hour. The back parts of every great town (that is where *the other half* lives) are full of them. The Christmas cards and the illustrated Christmas numbers, the sweet-meats, and all the glory of the shops; for these, the toilers in their thousands are preparing, night and day. In the country the luckless turkeys, whose food is being stuffed right down their throats, until they would find a fast-day a luxury. All the children who are to appear in the pantomimes, and are now being trained for their trans-mogrification into fairies, or cocks and hens, and the hind legs of elephants, or taught to jump up and down under the carpet to represent the billows of the sea—all these are hard at work preparing for Christmas at five shillings a week. *Their mothers* are preparing for Christmas too, and are busy considering to what best purpose the said five shillings a week may be spent, in order to make the Christmas a happy one. They are pondering whether it will be wiser to buy a jacket and boots for Johnny or Mary who earn it, or a Christmas pudding for all.

While, therefore, so many thousands are at work to make the world's Christmas a gay one, it would not be just if the friends of the Sacred Heart were idle. To whom does Christmas so truly belong as to Him Whose Name it bears, and from Whom alone its happiness can come? Can we forget that it is in our power—yes, in the power of each one of us—to make His Christmas happier? *This*, then, needs preparation also. Let us try to show our readers, while there is time, how to make of Christmas a true festival for the Sacred Heart of the Holy Child.

O Church of God, O guide infallible of men, how well thou knowest thy children's nature! When thou seekest to develope in their hearts the imitation of the *Divine*

Kindness, thou dost call them, not to enjoyment but to penance. The fast and the prayer and the longing Advent wail is the only prelude to the pure gladness of the angels' song in the watches of the night. Better than the world knoweth, dost thou know how to prepare for Christmas !

The Kindness of God hath appeared to all men. These words make it easy for us to understand what the Sacred Heart would like us all to be at Christmas time. The Sacred Heart takes no pleasure in any goodness which is not kind ; for *God is Charity*,² and *Charity is kind*.³

Oliver Cromwell and his follower, Praise-God Barebones, tried to make people good ; and we must hope for their own sakes they did so sincerely, though they did make an Act of Parliament to forbid plum-porridge at Christmas. But the Puritan, though a mighty soldier, and though he bore the Old Testament in his left hand while he brandished the broadsword in his right, was but a poor Apostle of the *Gospel* ; a sour and forbidding representative of Him Who said : *Come to Me, all you who labour and are heavy-burdened ; I will refresh you*.⁴ True lovers of the Sacred Heart must be kind ; but with the *kindness of God*.⁵ For as there are two sorts of Christmas, so also there are two sorts of kindness. There is the kindness which flows from a heart full of the love of God, and there is another, which is of the earth, earthy. One is fed by self-denial, the other by enjoyment. One seeks a return, the other gives *gratis*. One is killed in a moment by any mortification ; the other never shines so brightly as when, in order to be kind, we have to carry the cross. Which of the two is the *kindness of God*?

When St. Aloysius, Prince of Gonzaga, had made his

² 1 John iv. 16.

³ 1 Cor. xiii. 4.

⁴ St. Matt. xi. 28.

⁵ Compare the beautiful words of St. Leo the Great, read by the Church before Christmas : " We recognize this to be the natural dignity of our race, if there shine forth in us, as in a looking-glass, the image of the kindness of God " (*Serm. i. De Jejun. x. Mensis*).

vows in the Society of Jesus, and renounced his titles and his wealth, a messenger rode off at full speed to carry the glad tidings to his brother, who succeeded to the inheritance. We are told that, at the news, the young prince tore from his neck the gold chain which hung there, and breaking them up, gave the precious links, right and left, to the men who stood about him. It was kind, no doubt, but not the *kindness of God*.

To look at a very different scene. Our jolly friend Mr. Loveadrop is never so generous as when he has had his fill. "Now, landlord, glasses round, and be quick about it; and I'll stand the racket!" Hooray for Loveadrop! Good fellow, Loveadrop! best fellow in the world! *But generous Mr. Loveadrop has given away his wife's and children's Sunday dinner!* When at last he comes home, where his wife, who knows too well what to expect, is shivering in anticipation, somehow all his kindness has departed. Is this the same man, who now beats her, breaks the poor furniture, keeps all his children in terror, until the time when he ought to be at Mass in the morning, when he is safe snoring in bed. Kind Mr. Loveadrop! Best of fellows!

King Herod, too, was kind, and *made a supper for his birthday for the princes and tribunes and chief men of Galilee*. And when the daughter of Herodias had danced, and pleased the King, he was so kind as to swear that he would give her whatever she liked, even the half of his kingdom. We all know how kindly he kept his promise but it was not the *kindness of God*.

When we were His enemies, and were lost, One came from Heaven, taking the form of a servant, and became little and poor, with a meek and humble Heart, and was laid upon the straw in the manger on the Christmas night; and afterwards gave His life, His Body, and His Blood. And this was the *kindness of God*.

If, then, *the kindness of God is to appear* in our lives

this coming Christmas, why, then, perhaps, even now it is not too soon to prepare.

When Mr. Loveadrop's hungry children are hungering in bed, and the thin coverlet is but poor protection against the death-like cold of the fireless home, they *scrooge together*, as they themselves express it, to seek mutual warmth. Let our Associates in the cold world take example by them on the Christmas night, so that, by fervent union of heart before the Crib, each one's charity may derive fresh ardour. One Father is listening to us all in Heaven ; one Heart is loving us in the stable ; let us be mindful of one another as we pray, and our Christmas joy will be more joyous in that memory.

VOLUNTARY POVERTY.

IN one of our boxes has been found a petition from a poor woman, that she may be enabled to pay her debts, and may then become as poor again as before. This seems to express the true spirit of Christian poverty, that aims at being literally like our Lord and His Blessed Mother and St. Joseph, yet cannot rest content that through our poverty others should suffer. For St. Paul says : "Owe no man anything, but to love one another." To be generous before we are just, is to rob Thomas in order to give to John. To sit down quietly under a debt which we might work to discharge, is certainly not to love the neighbour to whom we owe. Therefore let us hope that our sister in the Apostleship may have both parts of her petition granted ; especially, that by accumulating spiritual wealth she may become, more and more, "rich in faith, and an heir of the Kingdom which God has promised to those who love Him."¹

¹ St. James ii. 5.



THE WHITE CORNETTE.



OUR readers, who live in a great many different parts of the world, may or may not be accustomed to the sight of the Sister of St. Vincent de Paul, as she wends her way through the crowded streets, with her dingy-blue habit and her very conspicuous head-dress—the *Cornette*.

Amidst the revolutionary Red-caps of 1793, the snowy cornette of Sister Teresa appeared like a dove in a thunder storm; its white wings hovering where blood-stained pikes were thickest and rolling drums the loudest—in the streets, in the prisons, and on the scaffold. The France of the Revolution would have no King, no Church, no Altar, no God; but the folly that fancied it could suppress all these, could not suppress the Poor.

The poor, on the contrary, were more numerous than ever: those who had formerly succoured them being now banished, guillotined, or else reduced to utter poverty themselves. Among all these—the poor who had been rich, and those who had been always poor—the sight of this white-winged coif was a signal of hope and consolation. All knew the devoted charity of its wearer.

Her charity did not save her from the enmity of the Revolution. It loudly professed the love of Liberty, it is true: but this usually meant liberty for itself, first to pick people's pockets, then to hand them over to the executioner. Sister Teresa was denounced to the Revolutionary Committee.

"Oh! if they want my head, they are welcome;" she said to one who came to warn her that the warrant for

her arrest had been signed ; “but mind, my cornette will be on it, and my friends will walk with me in procession to the guillotine.”

As *the friends* of Sister Teresa meant nothing less than *the poor of Paris*, it was thought more prudent to let this valiant White Cornette alone.

One winter's afternoon, when crossing the Bridge of St. Michael, Sister Teresa found herself surrounded by a crowd of half-tipsy ragamuffins, who clamorously commanded her to dance with them round a pole, on whose top hung the red cap.

“I will dance, my friends, if that will give you pleasure : but I am very tired. I have mounted to-day into more than twenty garrets. Well? what am I to dance? a minuet, or a gavotte? choose which you will. However, I warn you that I shall keep to our old-fashioned custom, in Languedoc, and each of my partners must make me a bridal present.”

“But you are not a bride,” they vociferated ; “where is the husband?”

“My Betrothed dwells on the Altars that are not profaned ; He reigns on His Throne in Heaven, and in your hearts, if you are faithful.”

“You mean JESUS CHRIST ; but what then do you want with a trousseau? If any one gave *you* lace and pearls and silks, what could you do with such finery?”

“Do with it? I would sell it all to buy bread and clothing for my family.”

“Your family ! Ha, ha, ha ! Sister Teresa's family ! How many children have you, Sister Teresa?”

“Many more than I can count, and among them are many decrepit and bed-ridden folk, and still more hungry children. Do you see that garret window up there—that one with the paper pasted over its broken panes? I ought now to be there. In that garret, a new little patriot

came, only yesterday, into the world. He must find the world very cold, for he has no fire to warm him—very unkind, for his poor starved mother has no food to give him ! Come, kind hearts ! spare my weary limbs—open your purses, and help me to feed and clothe and warm my last baby. Yes ! I see it in your faces that you are all going to be generous fellows to-night !”

“One touch of nature,” says the poet, “makes the whole world kin.” The Sister was irresistible. From all sides, coppers came dropping into the basket on her arm. One man begged the honour of escorting her through the crowd, and, as she passed along, a shout arose, of, “Long live the White Cornette ! Hurrah for the White Cornette !”

One Christmas Eve, late in the day, the Sister entered a garret in a wretched street. By a few dying embers, a pallid girl of eleven sat, on the brick floor, with her two starveling baby-brothers in her lap. They were twins of a week old, whose mother had been buried that day. A lad of fourteen, far gone in decline, lay on a heap of straw, over which was thrown a sack ; that was the only bedding. The old grandmother who lived with these children was almost helpless from palsy.

All that day, the poor White Cornette had met with nothing but rebuffs and threats. Her hands were empty, and her heart was full. Still, the very sight of her welcome presence cheered these poor people. The sick boy smiled, and held out a wasted hand, which she took, and stroked it pityingly, as she saw his wistful glance at her empty basket.

“You are hungry, my poor André !”

“That is nothing new, Sister ; I am used to it.”

“Those poor babies are not used to it yet,” she answered, as every few moments they made a feeble wailing, that was piteous to hear ; “and you look very tired, little Eulalie !”

"André and I could not sleep, Sister, the babies cried so much. Granny made them some *tisane* with bran and water, but it was not enough."

The Sister had knelt down by André. "Dear children," she said, rising, "all this day long I have begged in vain for my dear poor. Evening is come, but I must go and beg again, for you. While I am gone, pray to JESUS, Mary, and Joseph, this Christmas night, that I may not return to you with my basket empty."

When she was gone, Eulalie pulled out her rosary. "Let us say the Sorrowful Mysteries, in honour of the Sacred Heart at Bethlehem." When they had said them all, a thought occurred to Eulalie, suitable to the occasion. "Let us make a *Sixth* Sorrowful Mystery, brother ; the Hunger and the Thirst of JESUS when He was a little boy.'

When the weary Sister left the miserable room, not knowing whither next to direct her steps in search of food, she paused, in her perplexity, at the staircase window. It was broken, but she thought not of the piercing wind which blew upon her from the north, across the Seine. She was at the very top of one of the many-storied Paris houses, and, as she looked out upon the great city, her eye caught sight of a lofty and splendid mansion, which stood near ; every window blazing with light.

She started. She had every reason to recognize that lordly house ; for it had been her early home, and, had she remained in the world, it would have been hers.

It was now appropriated by a rich member of the Revolutionary party, who owed his education and the foundation of his fortune to the illustrious family of De Montmorency.¹ This man was now one of the most

¹ Anne de Montmorency, Peer, Marshal, and Constable of France, was one of the greatest generals of the sixteenth century. Henri II., Duke de Montmorency, who, at the age of eighteen was created Admiral of France, was equally distinguished for his splendid bravery, and for his virtues.

ferocious members of the political party called *the Mountain*.²

Small hope of charity from such a man ; still, Sister Teresa, whom compassion had now rendered desperate, was resolved to try the impossible, in behalf of her starving children.

On her way to this princely dwelling, which was in the Rue de Grenelle Saint Germain, she had to cross a small open space called the *Croix Rouge*. At the corner of the Rue de Sèvres, a tall man, muffled in a military cloak, seized her by the arm. "Thank God !" he exclaimed, "there is still a White Cornette in Paris ! For Heaven's sake, take this boy ! His parents, guillotined to-day ; the nurse went mad with terror, and jumped into the Seine : his name, Albéric. Write, a year hence, to the address sewn in his clothes. I knew not where on earth to leave him. God sent you this way !" and before the Sister had time to speak, he had disappeared in the darkness, leaving the child, a fine boy of about eight months old, in her motherly arms.

"Poor darling angel !" she said, tenderly caressing him, as soon as she had recovered from her surprise, "I take you as a Christmas present from Bethlehem. If Sister Teresa is to work miracles, the Holy Child Himself must teach her how ; meantime, we must beg all the harder, now there is this rosebud of a mouth to feed, as well as all the rest."

The little fellow nestled to her, and seemed perfectly content. She walked on rapidly through the slushy snow, passed through the courtyard of the house she sought, and entered the hall, to the amazement of the men-servants standing about there. For a Religious to show her face, and especially her habit, in that house, seemed

² In 1793 the name of *the Mountain* was given to the highest part of the amphitheatre where the National Assembly held its sittings. The most violent members had their seats upon these top-most benches of the building.

to them simply seeking one's own death-warrant. "Be so good as to announce Sister Teresa to your master : " said this daring White Cornette.

Her calm but commanding air ensured respect. She was conducted through several large reception-rooms to the private apartments of Citizen Delarue. In an ante-chamber, where several newly-fledged functionaries were talking and gesticulating, a sudden silence fell for a moment upon every noisy tongue, as the Sister and the babe passed through. Entering an inner room, the valet announced *Sister Teresa*, and disappeared.

Delarue looked up astonished from the roll of papers he was studying, and reddened with anger at the sight of a white cornette.

"Who are you, *citoyenne* ? What brings you here, and in a garb which you must know is proscribed ?"

"I am a friend of the people, come to beg an alms for my masters. As for my garb, I have no money to buy another, even if I consented to change it, which I would not."

"Audacious woman ! Do you know to whom you are speaking ?"

"To my equal. The Republic says, rightly or wrongly, that we are all equal before man : the Church, that we are all equal in the sight of God."

"No superstition, I warn you ! The sovereign people has suppressed all that. Who are the masters you speak of ?"

"The Poor, whose servant I am."

"And what did you expect to find here for your poor ?"

"A kind heart to feel for them, and a generous hand to help them. Within a stone's throw of this house, are two poor babes of a week old, without fire, or food, or bedding, or any clothes but rags. Your horses are better housed and fed than they and theirs. Come, open your charitable heart, and send them a blessing this Christmas night.

It will win a blessing on your own house. What is a handful of gold to such as you?"

"As for Christmas night—what's that? Merely one of the superstitions which the Republic has suppressed! And that bambino in your arms? You are not going to tell me that *he* is a starveling! If he's not a young aristocrat, I never set eyes on one. I know them at a glance."

"Monsieur le Citoyen," said Sister Teresa, "this poor babe, whatever he had once, has no longer, father, mother, home, or even name. He is the adopted son of the *White Cornette*. I have now to beg for him, as I beg for my starving people in the garrets and cellars. As for Christmas, if you have suppressed it, so much the worse for the poor, above all for the children, whose special feast it is. Have you forgotten Christmas at a certain old château in Le Berri, where your father once was?"

"Silence, citoyenne! Châteaux are suppressed, as well as their owners. If you are not prudent, your white cornette will get its wings clipped pretty closely, and you will find yourself suppressed too! But, this once, I let you off; and, moreover, to show the magnanimity of a true citizen, I don't mind giving you a gold piece for your starving marmots in the attic. On condition, however, that you make them shout, 'Long live the Republic, one and indivisible!'"

"When they are old enough," the Sister answered, smiling. "We must wait for that till they can speak."

"Well, yes, I suppose so," said the terrible "Conventional," himself surprised into a smile. "But what about that château in Le Berri? Who are you, citoyenne?"

"Sister Teresa—nothing more."

"Nonsense! That is no name at all: a mere nickname. Where have I seen your face? Who were you before you put on that silly dress?"

"I am *Louise de Montmorency*. You were a boy of ten,

when I quitted that château to become a Sister of Charity."

For some moments Citizen Delarue was dumb. The sudden conflict between his old and his new notions, the memory, too, of certain very awkward details, which could alone explain his present ownership, produced a confusion in his brain which paralyzed speech.

At this juncture, a small side-door opened, and Delarue's wife entered the room. At the same moment he was inspired with an idea.

"Madame," he gasped, addressing Sister Teresa, "I am overwhelmed with the honour of your visit—still—you understand—I dare not compromise myself in these perilous days—it might involve too much!" And here he drew his finger suggestively across his throat. "Having a pressing appointment at this hour, I beg to take leave. My wife can better converse with you without suspicion, if I may request that the subject of your conversation shall be restricted to the citizens about whom you are so anxious."

He hastily gathered up his papers, and, bowing profoundly, from instinct rather than habit, left the two women together.

The next moment his voice was heard among the loudest of a group of blustering revolutionists in an adjoining apartment, which it pleased him to call his council-chamber, and where the importance of the meetings seemed to be measured by their noise.

Madame Delarue was a good Catholic at heart, but, outwardly, somewhat cold; in her misery at all the deeds of horror then enacting in Paris, and in all the provinces of France where the Revolution held sway, she hid her real feelings behind a stern, forbidding manner. The sight of an infant always softened her. She took the little Albéric in her arms, and fondled him tenderly, as she listened to his sad story. She had lost her own only

boy ; and now her heart ached for this innocent babe, orphaned by the pitiless guillotine.

For his sake, she gave the Sister a munificent alms, besides enjoining her to come at stated times, when possible, for provisions for her poor.

When, with the child asleep on one arm, and a well-filled basket on the other, Sister Teresa mounted once more towards the attic, Eulalie, who was listening for her footstep, flew down to aid her with her burden.

"André and I have been praying, Sister, ever since you were gone. You were right when you said that the Sacred Heart of the Infant Jesus would hear us ! And now— Oh ! what a lovely child you have in your arms ! Dear Sister, is it the sweet JESUS come to us Himself ?"

Never was feast more thankfully enjoyed than was the Christmas supper in that poor garret. The alms of that night gladdened also many another destitute abode, in honour of *Him Who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be made rich.*"³

Not many years ago, Albéric, Marquis de Kervilian Ergué-Armel, after a well-spent life, peacefully died in his native Brittany, after his Communion one Christmas Day.

CONVERSION.



O proof of true conversion without rigour of life. The least is this : *Bear and forbear*. He who shuns so moderate a penance is no penitent.

FATHER NEUMAYR, S.J.

³ 2 Cor. viii. 9.



LETTER FROM THE IRISH CENTRAL DIRECTOR.

DEAR MESSENGER,—If I am sufficiently an outsider, let me be allowed to offer you my congratulations on having completed the yearly volume of which this is the last monthly part. Let me exhort your subscribers to give these pious pages a new lease of life, by binding the twelve numbers in those cloth covers which you promise to send post-free for sixpence. I know from experience how pleasant and useful the back volumes of such a magazine may become ; much more so than they seemed to be, when they made their appearance month by month.

I am not yet able to announce the good news which I promised in my last letter. There was then, and there still is, a hope that the direction of the Apostleship of Prayer in Ireland may be confided to a Father of the Society of Jesus, whose opportunities and qualifications for spreading and fostering our beloved devotion among our good priests and people are very great indeed. This change will, I trust, be made soon. In any case, I had fully made up my mind that after this month you must let my contributions to your pages take some other form. Ireland is too near to send you a monthly letter. Nothing ever happens here ; and I am not one of those “own correspondents” who can spin a column of news out of nothing. There are many definite and useful subjects, about which I hope you will let me from time to time lay some simple thoughts before your readers. How numerous those readers must be ! I have just heard from a Wexford convent that they have enrolled more

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than two thousand members, amongst whom you, dear *Messenger*, circulate every month to the number of two hundred and fifty copies. In that corner of the Church, your readers must be counted, not by hundreds but by thousands.

I once heard surprise expressed at the copiousness of the Indulgences to be gained in the Apostleship on such easy conditions. And it is true, no doubt, both that the Indulgences *are* copious, perhaps copious beyond all precedent, and the conditions *seem* easy. But are they really so? That offering which we, members of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart, are bound to make every morning: "O Jesus, through the Most Pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart"—I wonder what percentage of your readers failed to make it faithfully and fervently every morning during the past month of the Holy Souls? If ninety-nine per cent. were faithful, we trust that the hundredth one, who alone was missing, may be found at his post in the army of prayer during the coming month.

A book is about to issue from the publishing house of Kegan Paul, Trench, and Company, in which you, dear *Messenger*, are personally interested; for many of the poems now first collected in this volume appeared originally under your auspices during the editorship of Father William Maher, of holy and amiable memory. Though Miss Rosa Mulholland's *Vagrant Verses* are sure to win the suffrages of secular critics, as true poetry of a very exquisite kind, very many of them will be equally welcome to religious hearts. Many of these poems are not prayers in disguise, but prayers openly and expressly, just as much as the *Poèmes Eucharistiques* of a French Bishop who died last year, and whom I shall crave leave to introduce to your readers, Mgr. de la Bouillerie. I send you a sample of his pious muse, a translation for

which I claim the modest merit of fidelity to the original.

Reminded by the paper in your November number on the value of children's prayers, and in honour of the blessed feast which is approaching, let me mention to you a tiny book, called *Holy Childhood*,¹ as a most suitable gift for little children at Christmas. You will see that it is not translated from the French, but addressed straight to the hearts of young children by the Irish lady I have named above. I have examined many prayer-books intended for children, but I know of nothing to compare with this collection of prayers, hymns, and instructions for the very young.

Thus have our thoughts gone forward to Christmas. Pages that bear the date of December may well have a Christmas odour about them ; and so it is not too soon, dear *Messenger*, to wish to you, and to all your readers everywhere, the best Christmas graces, and many happy and holy New Years.

Yours affectionately *in SS. Corde*,

MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

THE ANGEL AND THE SOUL.

From the French of the late Mgr. de la Bouillerie, Coadjutor to the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux.



INTO my soul an Angel said, one day :

“ If thou the glory of my Heaven couldst know,

If thou couldst see the flames of purest ray

That the Eternal on my brow doth throw !”

Then to the Angel I my answer made :

“ Thou seest the glory of the Lord above,

But of our God on lowly altar laid

Know'st thou the love ?”

¹ *Holy Childhood*: A Book of Simple Prayers and Instructions for very little Children. By Rosa Mulholland. Dublin : Eason.

Rejoined the Angel : " Oh ! if thou but knew
 The joy of gazing on God's face so fair !
 For me each day my Heaven begins anew,
 Each day new happiness is mine to share."
 I answered : " Ah ! *thy* heart has never strayed,
 Within God's loving arms securely kept.
 Before the altar broken-hearted laid,
 Hast thou e'er wept ? "

The Angel then would speak to me once more :
 " Know'st thou (said he) my nourishment Divine?
 To love and serve the God Whom I adore,
 With Him united—lo ! this feast is mine."
 But to the radiant Angel I replied :
 " Thou on the Deity indeed art fed,
 Yet not for thee the Lord of Life doth hide
 'Neath humble bread."

O Cherub from the fatherland above !
 Our God so good let our joint praises greet :
 Heaven, Heaven for thee—for me this pledge of love ;
 The portion of us each is very sweet.
 The Father's door for me one day will ope,
 But here all good lies near this altar-throne—
 Behold my lot : thy happiness I hope—
 I love my own !

IMMACULATE !



UR present number winds up the year with such
 fulness of matter, that our usual brief notice of
 a Saint would plead in vain for admittance. But
 we cannot forget that December is the month that brings
 round to us the feast of our Mother's Immaculate Con-
 ception. And, among all the attributions of praise, of
 reverence, of love and trust that have been laid at the

feet of the *Virgo Intemerata*, we select a beautiful sonnet once breathed by a soul for whose reception into the Church many Catholic hearts must have yearned. The poet Wordsworth has here completely outrun, or rather outgrown, the system in which he was brought up, with its surroundings and false traditions. We would fain hope our Lady interceded for him at the last, and obtained for him—what the Sacred Heart can give, as by a flash of light, to the immortal spirit, as it wings into eternity—the gifts of faith and pure contrition. “Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God :” and Wordsworth is eminent in the noble minority among poets—how few there are that can stand by his side—who have never written a line which Christian purity would bid them erase.

Thus, then, he sings to Mary :

Mother ! whose virgin bosom was uncrosth
With the least shade of thought to sin allied ;
Woman ! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast ;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost,
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast,
Thy image falls to earth. Yet some, I wean,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mix'd and reconciled in thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene.

He writes, as we see, with a religious instinct, short of faith ; he is feeling his way, and knows not how far to go. “Not unforgiven, I wean,” is the utmost boundary, and there his poor disinherited soul is compelled to stay. At least, as Tertullian declares that the heart of man is, in a sense, naturally Christian, we may hail Wordsworth's approaches to the faith, and hope he was at length carried on to the fulness of its light, invisibly to mortal eye.



IN THANKSGIVING.

I *WILL give to priests the grace of touching the most hardened hearts."* I promised our Lord that I would publish the praises of His Most Sacred Heart, if He heard my prayer ; and so now I come to ask you to give me a little space.

One day, a message reached me from the hospital, that a man who had made an attempt at suicide had just been brought in. He might die any moment, but refused all spiritual aid.

I found a middle-aged man, of most sullen and determined disposition, who to my questions returned only curt, cold answers. He had taken poison, and was deliberate in his resolution to put an end to his life. He was found with a revolver by his side, and expressed regret that he did not make use of it ; saying also, without a sign of sorrow or repentance, "I thought the poison would do its work in three hours ; I have been sadly mistaken. However, it will do it in the end."

He had a wife and family, and was the son of very good Catholics, with whom, however, for years past he had had no relations. He was a gloomy man, harsh to all around him, went habitually armed with a pistol, and accompanied by a huge dog. He had long since completely abandoned every practice of religion.

When I left him, at three o'clock, I had only one hope left. I promised a Mass in honour of the Sacred Heart, and to publish the conversion in the *Messenger*, in case the man should repent ; and so I prayed for a long time. At seven o'clock, I went again to the hospital. I was told

that he was still alive, but as obdurate as ever. Still, I went upstairs, resolved not to let hope die. As soon as I saw him, I thought I discerned some relaxation in the hardened determination of his looks. I approached his bed, saying : " Well, God has spared your life till I could return to you ; will you not now be reconciled to Him ? " His lip quivered, and he said : " Yes, if you will help me, I wish to be." He made his confession, and I prepared him for death. At the end, he said, " How I thank you ! a load has gone from my soul." Soon after, he died.

I believe so firmly that the Sacred Heart will let none of us appeal to It for mercy on sinners in vain, that I would gladly make all my fellow-priests share in my trust ; so that in every difficulty they should turn to It as to a secure refuge. "*Its treasures,*" as our Lord Himself has told us, "*contain all the graces which sinners need to be saved from Hell.*"

COR JESU !



HERE was a Heart which rose sublime

Over a shoreless sea ;

O'er all the countless waves of time,

Its rays fell, e'en on me !

Its form was Fire, Its substance Love ;

A spear had pierced Its side :

For God, descending from above,

Therein had liv'd, and died !

Thrice wondrous Wound ! from out that Cave,

Behold, a twofold flood

Blest fountains of Salvation gave

In Water and in Blood !

Still bright It beams, from pole to pole,

That sinful eyes may see,

The Heaven of each ecstatic soul

Yearning on earth for Thee !



THE INTERESTS OF JESUS CHRIST IN THE WORLD.

The Apostleship of Prayer.—Besides the new Centres in Melbourne and Nova Scotia, we have news of two others, established during this year ; one in the Republic of Ecuador, the other in the southernmost state of South America, Patagonia, where the Prefect Apostolic himself, Mgr. Cagliero, has undertaken the supreme direction of the work. On the Equator, the Central Director is Father Proaño, S.J.

Our Associates should look at a map of the world : Patagonia, Ecuador, Nova Scotia, Glasgow, Naples, Melbourne ! Leo XIII. said : "What proves above all, how agreeable to God is this Association of Prayer and zeal, is its abundant fruit, as well as its vast and speedy extension. The Apostleship of Prayer may, in the truest sense of the word, call itself a *Catholic* work."

In the United States, the venerable Father Sestini, who has so long been the Director of the League, has entrusted the great enterprise to younger hands at Woodstock. We joyfully anticipate the fruits which will be gathered in, among the poor, for the Sacred Heart's love in that vast field of *six and a half millions* of Catholics. The new Director is Father Raphael S. Dewey, S.J.

The Cathedral, Glasgow.—The Holy League was solemnly inaugurated in the Cathedral yesterday, and our devoted Canon must have been nearly worn out by the endless task of distributing the badge in the evening.

He told us a consoling story of the wonderful effects of united prayer to the Sacred Heart ; and we may well believe that now that so many of us wear and honour Its picture, and so many of us make the daily offering, the blessing which our Lord has promised will come down in all its fulness on our people and our parish. Ask, if you please, the prayers of our fervent Associates for our clergy and their flock.

Australia.—*St. Francis Xavier's College, Kew, Melbourne.*—The long expected *Messenger* has arrived, and has installed himself in both the boys' libraries. Many, I find, not content with that, subscribe themselves, in order that having digested the contents more at their leisure, they may have the pleasure of sending it home to their parents. I have just been speaking with one little fellow of eleven years of age, who told me he had got through the *first five numbers*. "What did you like best?" He answered at once : "Johnny's Letter ;" there did not seem to be the least room for doubt on that score. "Anything else?" "Yes, the Promoter's Portrait, and the Interests of Jesus Christ in the World." So, you see, little Australians are eager readers of the *pink winged*.

M. WATSON, S.J.

The Answer of Charity.—In the town of Aranjuez, the cholera was so exceedingly fatal, that all the apothecaries were carried off, and the dispensary in danger of being left unattended in the height of the plague. In vain the Governor made efforts to supply their places by practitioners from Madrid ; not one could be obtained. As a last resource, he applied to the Sisters of Charity, to see if any of them could undertake the unusual duty, now full of such deadly peril. The answer of the Superior is characteristic : "Three Sisters, who have already done some dispensary work, will leave for Aranjuez within an hour ; when they die, others will come in their place, *as long as any are left.*"

Fruits of the Apostleship.—"We find great additional strength in being associated to the Apostleship of Prayer, especially at such times as these, when we are called upon to take part in some great public act of devotion. It is so grand a thing, when realized, the union of so many hearts and minds in one great cause. If we could only be constant in *going out of ourselves*, what a solid consolation we should have in reflecting that, as members of this vast Apostleship, we are never alone.

"More and more we learn to place God's interests amongst us *first of all*, and we do not find that our own suffer by the preference given to His. We trust to the prayers of so many holy associates, as a great help to perseverance."

GENERAL INTENTION FOR DECEMBER.

Reparation for the sacrileges of our time.



HERE are few truer tests of a lively faith than a sacrilege. When Catholic life is vigorous and pure, what fervour the crime arouses! What surer evidence that faith is sick and dying, than when men hear with indifference of the violation of what is consecrated to God?

It must be owned that amongst ourselves there is an especial danger of this indifference growing up, from the very familiarity with stories of continental sacrilege, to which we have been long condemned. Rome and all Italy, France, Germany, and Switzerland, have for the last ten years been little else than *theatres of sacrilege*; and the newspapers have made us familiar with them; but, for the most part, the sacrilege is of the decorous, official kind; disguised also by anti-Catholic journalism with such decorous official language, that even we our-

selves have sometimes to reflect ere we realize that under such prim phrases are recounted acts which are an abomination to God. This church *has been laicised*; that convent *has been included in the improvements*; portions of such a college *have been assigned as barracks*. Such expressions as these, together with the touching regrets of the journalist at the *clerical discontent*, or the bad conduct of *the reactionaries* in protesting against the act of the Government—who has read the foreign correspondence of our newspapers of late years, without growing accustomed to similar words of cynical import? Who reflects that under such words is the story of multiplied wrong, oppression, robbery, cruelty, *sacrilege*; an impiety only the more impious because cold-blooded; an insult to the Eternal Majesty of God only the more grave and unendurable, because enacted with all the formality and sanction of human law?

Must we tell our Associates over again the sad story of what the unchained greed and wickedness of man has done and is doing against his Creator, as each day he more recklessly casts away the restraint which religion used to impose upon his concupiscence and malice? The Church asks us for reparation, so far as the fervour of our acts and the sorrow of our hearts can offer it, to the outraged honour of God; and we shall make that reparation together with more earnest, united wills, if we put before our eyes anew the enormity of the sin which we deplore.

At the head and front, then, of all, crying aloud for the vengeance of Heaven, and, so long as it endures, forbidding all hope of the restoration of the moral order of the world, is the usurpation of the temporal power of the Pope. It enthrones a great crime on high in the midst of Europe, and the pardon of Heaven is impossible so long as the profanation lasts. It is a stern truth, an eternal principle, which the caprices of *accomplished facts*

can never change, that *unless restitution be made, there is no remission of the sin.* This truth, whose whisper causes anguish in the secret conscience of the sinner, will reverberate in the ears of nations, so long as the chastisements of God hang over our heads.

Side by side with this, this great public wrong, this State sacrilege, we may simply catalogue the other crying evils by which the Divine honour is in our times being outraged with callous impunity ; each and every act being by itself a great and shameful sin :

1. The violent usurpation of so many churches, some left empty and desolate, some turned to profane use, some pulled down by arbitrary power.

2. The expulsion of so many unoffending religious from their homes, and the confiscation of their property ; acts by which thousands have been reduced to destitution, without a shadow of reason or right.

3. The unjust privation of the bishops and clergy ; by which the poor pittance on which they lived while labouring for their flocks, is robbed from them either wholly or in part.

4. The wicked law, by which so many priests are forced to serve in the army, and the students for the priesthood compelled to leave their seminaries, and dwell in barracks.

5. The expulsion of chaplains from the army, and prevention of the soldiers from hearing Mass, or practising their religious duties.

6. The sick and dying in the hospitals, deprived of the sacraments and of the ministrations of the priest ; and the expulsion of the religious who formerly nursed them.

7. The law of divorce, by which countless souls are led to lives of sin, and families are corrupted and destroyed.

8. The banishment of religion from the schools ; the substitution of atheistic and immoral teaching, in the place of Catholic religion.

9. The dishonour of the crucifix, and of the holy images, which have been torn down from the schools, even before the eyes of little children.

10. The exposure, even with the encouragement of authority, of unclean pictures and bad books in the public shops.

11. Lastly, and most grievous of all, the shocking insults offered to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament Itself.

Our Associates know well that *the special objects of the Apostleship of Prayer are to promote what the Sacred Heart is ever pleading for in the tabernacle and on the altar, and to make reparation for sin.* They will therefore be able to judge how far they ought to enter into the feelings of the Holy Father, when he makes this appeal to them, as the year is drawing to a close. No doubt, to the self-seeker it is weary to read these reiterated complaints. Those who themselves have nothing to suffer grow fastidious, sometimes, when asked again and again to compassionate woes which they do not feel.

There is nothing in this to surprise us. As long ago as the Psalms were written, it was given to the Prophet to know that such things would be : *I looked, he said, for one who would console me, but there was none.*¹ Our Lord has permitted the Apostleship of Prayer to flourish, that in it He might address to many hearts the touching petition which He made to the Blessed Margaret Mary : "*Do thou, at least, console Me.*"

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart.

We offer them in particular, O outraged Heart, in expiation of the sacrileges daily committed against Thee. O Heart of Jesus ! Thou lovest, Thou art not loved, oh, would that Thou wert loved !

¹ Psalm lxxviii. 21.

INTENTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Intentions should not be sent to the Office, but direct to the Editor, Holy Cross, St. Helens, Lancashire.

1. Tues. *Feria*.—(S. J., S. *Josaphat*, B.M. Nov. 14.)—Love of truth; 7,189 temporal favours.
2. Wed. *Fast*.—S. *Bibiana*, C.—Courage to use adversity well; 10,151 graces of perseverance.
3. Thurs. S. *Francis Xavier*, C.—Holy desires of the propagation of the faith; 967 foreign missions.
4. Fri. *Fast*.—S. *Peter Chrysologus*, B.C.D.—FIRST FRIDAY OF THE MONTH.—Dread of too much pleasure; 9,445 young people.
5. Sat. S. *Birinus*, B.C.—(S. J., B.B. *Jerome* S.J. and Comp., M.M.)—Self-control when tempted; 3,806 reconciliations.
6. SUN. *Second of Advent*.—Devotedness to the interests of Catholic children; 2,509 First Communions.
7. Mon. *Vigil*.—S. *Ambrose*, B.C.D.—Zeal for the honour of our Lady; 1,711 colleges and schools.
8. Tues. THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION B.V.M.—Persevering will to imitate her; 2,022 promoters.
9. Wed. *Fast*.—*Of the Octave*.—(S. J., S. *Birinus*, B.C. 5th.)—Reverence for priests; 6,467 clergy.
10. Thurs. *Of the Octave*.—Generosity in almsgiving; our departed Associates.
11. Fri. *Fast*.—S. *Damasus*, P.C.—Love for the services of the Church; 9,758 heretics and freethinkers.
12. Sat. *Of the Octave*.—(S. J., *Translation of the Holy House at Loretto*.)—The desire to make our homes like Nazareth; 5,924 families.
13. SUN. *Third of Advent*.—GENERAL COMMUNION OF ATONEMENT.—Grace to love prayer; 3,251 novices and Church students.
14. Mon. *Of the Octave*.—Charity for the departed souls; 11,975 dead.
15. Tues. *Octave of the Immaculate Conception* B.V.M.—Frequent thought of our Lady; 4,893 in affliction.
16. Wed. *Ember-day*.—*Fast*.—S. *Eusebins*, B.M.—Zeal which is willing to work; 3,616 spiritual undertakings.
17. Thurs. *Feria*.—(S. J., *Of the Blessed Sacrament*.)—Fear of being ungrateful; 1,082 parishes.
18. Fri. *Ember-day*.—*Fast*.—THE EXPECTATION B.V.M.—Grace to adore God's patience with us; 7,801 religious.
19. Sat. *Ember-day*.—*Vigil*.—*Fast*.—*Of the Feria*.—(S. J., *Of the Immaculate Conception*.)—Interest in the salvation of souls; 10,849 sinners.
20. SUN. *Fourth of Advent*.—Prayer to spend Christmas holily; 3,968 parents.
21. Mon. S. *Thomas*, Ap.—Compassion for the poor; our Directors and Promoters departed.
22. Tues. *Feria*.—Grace to be severe with ourselves; 6,138 interior graces.
23. Wed. *Fast*.—*Feria*.—Pure sorrow for sin; 4,142 vocations.
24. Thurs. *Vigil*.—*Fast*.—*Christmas Eve*.—Ardent love of the Incarnate Word; 3,095 superiors.
25. Fri. THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD.—CHRISTMAS DAY.—The resolution to make some poor person happy to-day; 24,580 children.
26. Sat. S. *Stephen*, First Martyr.—Kindness to the afflicted; 3,842 sick.
27. SUN. S. *John*, 1st Ap. and Evang.—Hearty forgiveness of injuries; 1,154 missions or retreats.
28. Mon. *The Holy Innocents*, M.M.—Fervour in our morning offerings; 1,988 communities.
29. Tues. S. *Thomas of Canterbury*, B.M.—Zeal to make atonement to the Sacred Heart in the Crib; our fellow-Members of the League.
30. Wed. *Of the Sunday within the Octave*.—Zeal for the interests of Catholic religion; 12,575 various intentions.
31. Thurs. S. *Sikester*, P.M.—Gratitude for the graces of the year; 8,930 acts of thanksgiving.

100 days' Indulgence for every prayer or action offered for these Intentions.



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